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The Autobiography of An Idea

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Chapter XV.

Retrospect

WHEN Louis Sullivan was in his eighteenth year, his mind a whorl of ambitious ideas, and at a time somewhat prior to his departure for Paris, he had occasion one day to pass in the neighborhood of Prairie Avenue and Twenty-first Street. There, on the southwest corner of the intersection, his eye was attracted by a residence, nearing completion, which seemed far better than the average run of such structures inasmuch as it exhibited a certain allure or style indicating personality. It was the best-designed residence he had seen in Chicago. He crossed over to examine it in detail, and in passing around the corner of the building to analyze the other frontage he noticed a fine looking young man, perhaps ten years his senior, standing in the roadway absorbed in contemplation of the growing work. Louis, without ceremony, introduced himself, and the young man said: "Yes; it seems to me I've heard of you. Glad to meet you. My name's Burnham: Daniel H. Burnham; my partner, John Root, is a wonder, a great artist; I want you to meet him some day; you'll like him. The firm is Burnham and Root. We only started a few years ago. So far we've done mostly residences; we're doing this one for my prospective father-in-law, John Sherman; you know him—he's a big stockyards man—its the most expensive one yet. But I'm not going to stay satisfied with houses; my idea is to work up a big business, to handle big things, deal with big business men, and to build up a big organization, for you can't handle big things unless you have an organization." And so the chat went on for an hour. They exchanged enthusiasms, prophecies, ambitions, and even confidences. Louis found Burnham a sentimentalist, a dreamer, a man of fixed determination and strong will—no doubt about that—of large, wholesome, effective presence, a shade pompous, a mystic—a Swedenborgian—a man who readily opened his heart if one were sympathetic. Soon they were calling each other Louis and Dan, for Dan said he did not feel at ease when formal; he liked to be man to man. He liked men of heart as well as brains. That there was so much loveliness in nature, so much hidden beauty in the human soul, so much of joy and uplifting in the arts that he who shut himself away from these influences and immured himself in sordid things forfeited the better half of life. It was too high a price to pay, he said. He averred that romance need not die out; that there must still be joy to the soul in doing big things in a big personal way, devoid of the sordid. In parting he said spaciously: "Come around and see John. You two men must have much in common; he'll welcome you as a kindred spirit. I'm proud of John as one man can be of another."

Years later, probably in the early eighties, Louis met John and grew to know him well. At once he was attracted by Root's magnetic personality. He, Root, was not of Burnham's type, but red-headed, large bullet-headed, close-cropped, effervescent, witty, small-nosed, alert, debonair, a mind that sparkled, a keen sense of humor—which Burnham lacked—solidly put together, bull-necked, freckled, arms of iron, light blue sensuous eyes; a facile draftsman, quick to grasp ideas, and quicker to appropriate them; an excellent musician; well read on almost any subject; speaking English with easy exactitude of habit, ready and fluent on his feet, a man of quick witted all-round culture which he carried easily and jauntily; and vain to the limit of the skies. This vanity, however, he tactfully took pains should not be too obtrusive. He was a man of the world, of the flesh, and considerably of the devil. His temperament was that

of the well groomed free-lance, never taking anything too seriously, wherein he differed from his ponderous partner, much as dragon fly and mastiff. Nor had he one tenth of his partner's settled will, nor of said partner's capacity to go through hell to reach an end. John Root's immediate ambition was to shine; to be the center of admiration, pitifully susceptible to flattery; hence, a cluster of expensive sycophants and hangers on, in whose laps it was his pleasure to place his feet by way of reminder, as he allowed himself to be called "John" by the little ones. Nevertheless, beneath all this superficial nonsense Louis saw the man of power, recognized him, had faith in him and took joy in him as a prospective and real stimulant in rivalry, as a mind with which it would be well worth while to clash wits in the promotion of an essentially common cause. Louis, true to his form of appropriating to himself and considering as a part of himself the things and personalities he valued—as he had done with Moses Woolson, Michael Angelo, Richard Wagner, *et al.*—immediately annexed John Root to his collection of assets; or, if one so wills to put it—to his menagerie of personalities great and small.

Architecturally, John Root's mania was to be the first to do this or that or the other. He grasped at novelties like a child with new toys. He thought them efficacious and lovely—then one by one he threw them away. And the while, Burnham's megalomania concerning the largest, the tallest, the most costly and sensational, moved on in its sure orbit, as he painfully learned to use the jargon of big business. He was elephantine, tactless, and blurting. He got many a humiliating knock on the nose in his quest of the big, but he faltered not—his purpose was fixed. Himself not especially susceptible to flattery except in a sentimental way, he soon learned its efficacy when plastered thick on big business men. Louis saw it done repeatedly, and at first was amazed at Burnham's effrontery, only to be more amazingly amazed at the drooling of the recipient. The method was crude but it worked.

Thus, there came into prominence in the architectural world of Chicago two firms, Burnham and Root, and Adler and Sullivan. In each firm was a man with a fixed irrevocable purpose in life, for the sake of which he would bend or sacrifice all else. Daniel Burnham was obsessed by the feudal idea of power. Louis Sullivan was equally obsessed by the beneficent idea of Democratic power. Daniel chose the easier way, Louis the harder. Each brooded incessantly. John Root was so self-indulgent that there was risk he might never draw upon his underlying power; Adler was essentially a technician, an engineer, a conscientious administrator, a large progressive judicial and judicious mind securing alike the confidence of conservative and radical, plenty of courage but lacking the dream-quality of Burnham; and such he must remain—the sturdy wheel-horse of a tandem team of which Louis did the prancing. Unquestionably, Adler lacked sufficient imagination; so in a way did John Root—that is to say, the imagination of the dreamer. In the dream-imagination lay Burnham's strength and Louis's passion.

So matters stood in the early eighties and onward. The practice of both firms grew steadily.

Meanwhile, throughout all the activities of professional life, Louis never ceased in steady contemplation of the nature of man and his powers, of the mystery of that great life which enfolds and permeates us all; the marvel of nature's processes which the scientists call laws; and the imperturbable enigma of good and evil. He was too young to grasp the truth that the fair-appearing civilization within which he lived was but a huge invisible man-trap, man-made. Of politics he knew nothing and suspected nothing, all seemed fair on the surface. Of man's betrayal by man on a colossal scale he knew nothing and suspected nothing. He had heard of the State and had read something about the State, but had not a glimmering of the meaning of the State. He had dutifully read some books on political economy because he thought he had to, and had accepted their statements as fact. He had also heard vaguely something about finance and what a mystery it was. In other words, Louis was absurdly, grotesquely credulous. How could it be otherwise with him? He believed that most people were honest and intelligent. How could he suspect the eminent? So Louis saw the real world upside down. He was grossly ignorant. He prospered, so the world was fair. Later he sent forth his soul into the world and by and by his soul returned to him with an appalling message.

For long Louis had lived in a fool's paradise: it was well he so lived in illusion. For had the hideous truth come to him of a sudden, it would have "dashed him to pieces like a potter's vessel." So he kept on with his innocent studies, becoming more and more enamoured of the sciences, particularly those dealing with forms of life and the aspects of life's urging, called functions. And amid the immense number and variety of living forms, he noted that invariably the form expressed the function, as, for instance, the oak tree expressed the function oak, the pine tree the function pine, and so on through the amazing series. And, inquiring more deeply, he discovered that in truth it was not simply a matter of form expressing function, but the vital idea was this: that the function *created* or organized its form. Discernment of this idea threw a vast light upon all things within the universe, and condensed with astounding impressiveness upon mankind, upon all civilizations, all institutions, every form and aspect of society,

every mass-thought and mass-result, every individual thought and individual result. Hence, Louis began function of a building must predetermine and organize its form. But it was the application to man's power came into direct relationship with all other powers. The application of the idea to the Architectural art was manifest enough, namely, that the function of a building must predetermine and organize its form. But it was the application to man's thought and deeds; to his inherent powers and the results of the application of these powers, mental, moral, physical, that thrilled Louis to the depths as he realized that, as one stumbling upon a treasure, he had found that of which he had dreamed in Paris, and had promised himself to discover,—a universal law admitting of no exception in any phase or application whatsoever. Thus Louis believed he had found the open sesame, and that his industry would do the rest. But this innocent and credulous young person was not yet cynical in inquiry; he was too much of an enthusiastic boy to suspect that within the social organism were mask-forms, counterfeit forms, forms with protective coloration, forms invisible except to those in the know. Surely, he was an innocent with his heart wrapped up in the arts, in the philosophies, in the religious, in the beatitudes of nature's loveliness, in his search for the reality of man, in his profound faith in the beneficence of power. So he lived in his world, which, to be sure, was a very active world indeed. And yet, withal, he had a marked ability to interpret the physiognomy of things, to read character, to enter into personalities. He knew a dishonest man as readily as he knew a snake if he came in contact with him. *Per contra* he knew an honest man—and there were many. What delighted him was to observe the ins and outs of personality—wherein he was especially sensitive and keen to the slightest rhythms.

One day Louis dropped in to see John Root in his office in the "Montauk," a large office building recently completed by his firm. John was in his private room at work designing an interesting detail of some building. He drew with a rather heavy, rapid stroke, and chatted as he worked. Burnham came in. "John," he said, "you ought to delegate that sort of thing. The only way to handle a big business is to *delegate, delegate, delegate.*" John sneered. Dan went out, in something of a huff. Louis saw the friction of ideas between the artist and the merchant; a significent mismating which made him ponder. And he watched through the years the growing of Daniel Hudson Burnham into a colossal merchandiser. Louis at that time had not grasped the significance of choice, much less its social and anti-social phases, the ramification of its effects as a cause, its complete explanation of things that seemed veiled. Dan Burnham had chosen.

John Root also had chosen, and he had a temper. He knew at least the value of social prestige. To be the recognized great artist, the center of acclaim and *réclame* was his goal. But John did not live to carry out his program to the full, though he had a full grown moral courage that in Burnham was rudimentary. He departed this vale of tears, and this best of all possible worlds, 15 January, 1891, at the age of 41, leaving in Louis's heart and mind a deep sense of vacancy and loss. For John Root had it in him to be great, as Burnham had it in him to be big. John Wellborn Root in passing left a void in his wake.

For several years there had been talk to the effect that Chicago needed a grand opera house; but the several schemes advanced were too aristocratic and exclusive to meet with general approval. In 1885 there appeared the man of the hour, Ferdinand W. Peck, who declared himself a citizen, with firm belief in democracy—whatever he meant by that; seemingly he meant the "peepul." At any rate, he wished to give birth to a great hall within which the multitude might gather for all sorts of purposes, including grand opera; and there were to be a few boxes for the *haut monde*. He had a disturbing fear, however, concerning acoustics, for he understood success in that regard was more or less of a gamble. So he sought out Dankmar Adler and confided.

The only man living, at the time, who had had the intelligence to discern that the matter of acoustics is not a science but an art—as in fact all science is sterile until it rises to the level of art—was Dankmar Adler, Louis's partner. His scheme was simplicity itself. With his usual generosity he taught this very simple art to his partner, and together they had built a number of successful theatres. Hence Peck, the dreamer for the populace, sought Adler, the man of common sense. Between them they concocted a scheme, a daring experiment, which was this: To install in the old Exposition Building on the Lake Front, a vast temporary audience room, with a huge scenic stage, and to give therein a two-weeks season of grand opera, engaging artists of world fame.

This was done. The effect was thrilling. An audience of 6,200 persons saw and heard; saw in clear line of vision; heard, even to the faintest pianissimo. No reverberation, no echo,—the clear untarnished tone, of voice and instrument, reached all. The inference was obvious: a great permanent hall housed within a monumental structure must follow. This feeling marked the spirit of the Chicago of those days.

Ferdinand W. Peck, or Ferd. Peck as he was generally known—now "Commodore" at 75, took, on his slim shoulders, the burden of an immense undertaking and "saw it through." To him, therefore, all praise due a bold pioneer; an emotionally exalted

advocate of that which he, a rich man, believed in his soul to be democracy. The theatre seating 4,250 he called the Auditorium, and the entire structure comprising theatre, hotel, office building, and tower he named the Auditorium Building—nobody knows just why. Anyway it sounded better than "Grand Opera House."

For four long years Dankmar Adler and his partner labored on this enormous, unprecedented work. Adler was Peck's man. As to Louis he was rather dubious, but gradually came around—conceding a superior æsthetic judgment,—which for him was in the nature of a miracle. Besides, Louis was young, only thirty when the task began, his partner forty-two, and Peck about forty; Burnham forty—Root thirty-six.

Burnham was not pleased; nor was John Root precisely entranced. It is said the ancient Egyptians held a belief that man's shadow is a fifth or residual element of his soul. About this time—the earlier days,—Burnham's shadow seemed to precede or follow him on all fours with its nose to the ground, as if perturbed. Mr. Peck had an able board of directors; among them was a man named Hale, William E. Hale. Mr. Hale's shadow seemed also perturbed and quadruped. Then came our old friend of "Tech" and Columbia, Prof. William R. Ware, whose shadow seemed serene. Then all shadows disappeared from the scene.

The unremitting strain of this work doubtless shortened Adler's life. He did not collapse at the end as Louis did; rather the effect was deadly and constitutional. Louis's case was one of utter weariness. He went to central California. The climate irritated him. Then he moved to Southern California—the climate irritated him. This was during January and February, 1890. He had friends in San Diego and stayed there awhile. There he learned, at four o'clock one morning, what a "slight" earthquake shock is like. Then on to New Orleans. That filthy town, as it then was, disillusioned him. Here he met Chicago friends. They persuaded him to go with them to Ocean Springs, Mississippi, eighty odd miles to the eastward on the eastern shore of Biloxi Bay. He was delighted and soothed by the novel journey through cypress swamp, wide placid marsh with the sails of ships mysteriously moving through the green, and the piney woods; Bay St. Louis, so brilliant; more piney woods, then Biloxi Bay's wide crossing; then, as dusk neared, the little frame depot with its motley platform crowd; the crippled hacks, the drive to the old hotel, pigs and cows wandering familiarly in the streets, all passing into silhouette, for night comes fast. Ah, what delight, what luxury of peace within the velvety caressing air, the odor of the waters and the pines.

With daylight there revealed itself an undulating village all in bloom in softest sunshine, the gentle sparkle of the waters of a bay land-locked by Deer Island; a village sleeping as it had slept for generations with untroubled surface; a people soft-voiced, unconcerned, easy going, indolent; the general store, the post office, the barber shop, the meat market, on Main Street, sheltered by ancient live oaks; the saloon near the depot, the one-man jail in the middle of the street back of the depot; shell roads in the village, wagon trails leading away into the hummock land; no "enterprise," no "progress," no booming for a "Greater Ocean Springs," no factories, no anxious faces, no glare of the dollar hunter, no land agents, no hustlers, no drummers, no white-staked lonely subdivisions. Peace, peace, and the joy of comrades, the lovely nights of sea breeze, black pool of the sky oversprinkled with stars brilliant and uncountable. Here in this haven, this peaceful quiescence, Louis's nerves, long taut with insomnia, yielded and renewed their life. In two weeks he was well and sound. By day interesting rambles, little journeys of discovery in nook and byway a growing desire to buy, which speedily floated as gossip concerning these Chicago millionaires, to the sharp ears of a Michigan Yankee who had settled there a while before, some miles to the eastward. He called. He said his name was Newcomb Clark, that he had been Speaker of the House in his State, and a volunteer Colonel in the Civil War. "I came here for my health. I've cleared part of my land and built a house, but my wife is lonely, so far from town; we need neighbors more than trees. I've a fine piece of woodland. It's pretty wild, now. But if you clear it of pines and undergrowth the live oaks will show. You can set your houses close to the road that runs along the shore. I'll make the price right. Would you folks like to see it?" Us folks certainly would like to see it right away. The trail wound up and down, crossed a bayou, then followed the shore, ascended a low bluff, following its edge, passing by some second growth at the left which gradually changed character, increased in height and density. Louis was becoming excited. At last the Colonel stopped, rose in his light wagon, and with a broad gesture as though addressing the House, he said: "This is my land." Louis clasped his hand to his heart in an ecstasy of pain. What he saw was not merely woodland, but a stately forest, of amazing beauty, utterly wild. Non-commercial, it had remained for years untouched by the hand of man. Louis, breathless, worked his way as best he could through the dense undergrowth. He nearly lost his wits at what he discovered: immense rugged short-leaved pines, sheer eighty feet to their stiff gnarled crowns, graceful swamp pines, very tall, delicately plumed; slender vertical Loblolly pines in dense

masses; patriarchal sweet gums and black gums with their younger broods; maples, hickories, myrtles; in the undergrowth, dogwoods, Halesias, sloe plums, buckeyes and azaleas, all in a riot of bloom; a giant magnolia grandiflora near the front—all grouped and arranged as though by the hand of an unseen poet. Louis saw the strategy. He knew what he could do. He planned for two shacks or bungalows, 300 feet apart, with stables far back; also a system of development requiring years for fulfillment.

The Colonel made the price right, not over ten times what he paid. The deed ran thus: Beginning at a cross on a hickory tree at the beach, thence north, so many chains, (a quarter mile) then east, etc., and south to the beach, with riparian rights, etc. The building work was let to a local carpenter. On March 12th, 1890, the comrades light-heartedly looking toward the future, made their way toward Chicago.

This reverie is written in memoriam. After eighteen years of tender care, the paradise, the poem of spring, Louis's other self, was wrecked by a wayward West Indian hurricane. Views and plan had previously appeared in the *Architectural Record*.

'Twas here Louis did his finest, purest thinking. 'Twas here he saw the flow of life, that all life became a flowing for him, and so the thoughts the works of man. 'Twas here he saw the witchery of nature's fleeting moods—those dramas gaged in seconds. 'Twas here he gazed into the depths of that flowing, as the mystery of countless living functions moved silently into the mystery of palpable or imponderable form. 'Twas here Louis underwent that morphosis which is all there is of him, that spiritual illumination which knows no why and no wherefor, no hither and no hence, that peace which is life's sublimation, timeless and spaceless. Yet he never lost his footing on the earth; never came the sense of immortality: One life surely is enough if lived and fulfilled: That we have yet to learn the true significance of man; to realize the destruction we have wrought; to come to a consciousness of our moral instability: For man is god-like enough did he but know it—did he but choose, did he but remove his wrappings and his blinders, and say good-bye to his superstitions and his fear.

Arrived in Chicago, Louis at once went to work with his old-time vim. Important work was at hand in other cities as well as in Chicago. The steel-frame form of construction had come into use. It was first applied by Holabird & Roche in the Tacoma Office Building, Chicago; and in St. Louis, it was given its first authentic recognition and expression in the exterior treatment of the Wainwright Building, a nine-story office structure, by Louis Sullivan's own hand. He felt at once that the new form of engineering was revolutionary, demanding an equally revolutionary architectural mode. That masonry construction, in so far as tall buildings were concerned, was a thing of the past, to be forgotten, that the mind might be free to face and solve new problems in new functional forms. That the old ideas of superimposition must give way before the sense of vertical continuity. Louis welcomed new problems as challenges and tests. He had worked out a theory that every problem contains and suggests its own solution. That a postulate which does not contain and suggest its solution is not in any sense a problem, but a misstatement of fact or an incomplete one. He had reached a conviction that this formula is universal in its nature and in application. In this spirit he continued his aggressive research in creative architecture, and, simultaneously—it may seem a far cry—his studies in the reality of man. For he had reached the advanced position that if one wished to solve the problem of man's nature, he must seek the solution within man himself, that he would surely find the suggestion within man's powers; but, that to arrive at a clear perception of the problem, he must first remove the accumulated mythical, legendary overlay, and then dissolve the cocoon which man had spun about himself with the thread of his imaginings. This, in considerable measure, he had succeeded in doing.

The work of the firm had taken Louis over a large part of the country, as Adler did not care much for travel. Louis, on the contrary, retained his boyhood delight in it, and took pains to do as much of it as possible by daylight. For there was fascination in the changing scene, in the novel aspects of locality. Thus in time, and on his own account, he had acquired a bird's-eye view of the broad aspects of his native land: having been in all the States except Delaware, Oklahoma, and the northern parts of New England. And he came to wonder how many people could visualize their country as a whole, in all its superb length and breadth, in its varied topography, its changing flora, its mountain ranges, its hilly sections, its immense prairies and plains, vast rivers and lakes, deserts and rich soils, immense wealth within the soil and above and below it. He visualized its main rhythms as south to north, and north to south; that in crossing the continent at various parallels from east to west, or west to east, one obtained superb cross-sections. And he dramatized the land and the seasons. He saw, as a vast moving picture, Spring, coming from the Gulf, moving gently northward, its Vanguard awakening that which sleeps: with its joyous trumpets sounding the call of rejuvenescence, luring forth the multicolored blossoming of tree and shrub, and herb, the filigree of verdure growing into opulence; setting the plow in motion, and the sow-

ing of crops: its vast frontage, sweeping northward, ever northward toward the arctic. In its wake follows sober Summer, ripening the procreative ecstasy of Spring—soon the waving grain, the laden bough, the hour of maturity of Nature's lavish gifts to Man. Then the menopause. Then the reversal, as Winter begins its vast migration from the polar spaces. It, too, heralds its coming with trumpets, sonorous in major chords, as the woods burst into painted flames as the Vanguard moves on, creeping toward the south with its fires. And then the modulation into melancholy: grey skies, leafless trees, brown faded stubble; a modulation into the minor mode, as winter trombones and violins sigh and moan with the winds over hill and dale, mountain and plain, and the frost glimmers in the moonlight, all sap sinks into the ground, a *miserere* chants, shrill fifes announce sharp winds, snow flurries, as nature passes into somber resignation. Winter, in mass, moving south, ever southward, its Vanguard now lost in the blue waters; its serried ranks sifting snow flakes in the air till the sleeping earth lies still under beauteous coverlet of white within the vast brooding power that came from the north. Again the menopause. Again the call of Spring. Again a menopause: again the flaming banners and the field of white. Northward and southward, southward and northward, moving in superb rhythms of alternate urging, o'er the expanse of what was once a virgin sleeping continent, now peopled by millions with one language in common, but no soul, a people unaware, their shadows rummaging like swine in the muck of cupidity. A people of enormous power—and devil take the hindmost. A time of *laissez faire* and unto him that hath, if he can grab it, shall be given: with here and there a soul pleading for kindness and peace, and sanity.

Louis, through the years, had become powerfully impressed by two great rhythms discernible alike in nature and in human affairs, as of the same essence. These two rhythms he called Growth and Decadence: and in 1886 he wished to say something about them. He wished, for the first time, to put his thoughts in writing; and a convention of The Western Association of Architects furnished the pretext and occasion. He called his essay "INSPIRATION." The thesis fell into three parts: "GROWTH: a Spring Song"; "DECADENCE: an Autumn Reverie"; "The INFINITE: a Song of the Sea"; the transition from part to part effected by two interludes; the thought sustained to the point of rhapsody, in utterance, lyric and dramatic, of flowing prose: The POET in solitude, alone with nature's moods: first ecstasy, then sorrow and bewilderment, then tragic appeal that the sea might give answer:

> Deny me not, Oh sea! for indeed I am come to thee as one aweary with long journeying returns expectant to his native land.
>
> Deny me not that I should garner now among the drifted jetsam on this storm-wash shore, a fragmentary token of serenity divine. For I have been, long wistful, here beside thee, my one desire floating afar on meditation deep, as the helpless driftwood floats, and is borne by thee to the land.

With the exception of John Root, Paul Lautrup, Robert Craik McLean, then editor of *The Inland Architect,* now the *Western Architect,* and perchance a few others, the effusion did not take. The consensus of opinion was to the effect that "they" did not know what Louis was talking about and did not believe "he" did: that he was plainly crazy: for what had all this flowery stuff to do with architecture anyhow? Louis fully agrees with "them," considering their point of view. As to McLean, the essay stuck in his red wild Canadian hair like a burr, through the years. Indeed, in a pious orgy as late as 1919, he, in his magazine, wrote this: "Some thirty-five years ago, at Chicago, a young man read a poetical essay before a group of architects, representative of the profession in the Middle West. Few understood the metaphor, but all recognized the fervor of aspiring and inspired genius that produced Louis H. Sullivan's 'Inspiration.' He called this most remarkable blank versification a 'Spring Song,' and, though unconsciously perhaps, it was his architectural thesis. His executions since that far-away time, with a remarkable measure of success, have been expressive of those fundamentals held by his hearers to be but abstract symbolisms."

What delicious and inspired euphemisms!

Louis regards the work as a bit sophomoric, and over-exalted, but the thought is sound. Excepting specifications he did not write again for a number of years. He was too busy thinking, working; he preferred the world of action. Still, later on, among the murals of the Auditorium Theatre, were two in reminiscence, one bearing the legend "O, soft, melodious Springtime! First-born of life and love!" and its pendant, inscribed: "A great life has passed into the tomb, and there, awaits the requiem of Winter's snows."

The drawings of the Auditorium Building were now well under way. Louis's heart went into this structure. It is old-time now, but its tower holds its head in the air, as a tower should. It was the culmination of Louis's masonry "period."

Referring again to the essay: Louis thought he would try it on the higher culture. So he sent a copy to his aged friend, Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan, who wrote in return: "The

language is beautiful, but what on earth you are talking about I have not the faintest idea."

Alas, an arm chair and a class room have been known to shut out the world.

(*To be concluded*)

The Fifty-seventh Annual Convention

Mr. Cunningham's report of the last Convention in Washington seems to have aroused some comment, as did Mr. La Beaume's report of the previous Convention. Both of these reports were heartily applauded by many and were deprecated by others. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that critical comment is always bound to arouse its like, but it is also true that only by freely uttered criticism and comment do institutions progress and improve.

In offering the pages of the JOURNAL as a vehicle for comment the situation presents difficulties. The JOURNAL belongs to the members of the Institute. There is no person, be he official or editor, who has the right to deny the pages of the JOURNAL to a member who wishes to use them, whether his comment be warmly approved or as warmly deplored. For years the Board of Directors have been aware of a growing dissatisfaction with the tedium of the usual Convention. Each succeeding year of late has shown a marked tendency to cut down tedium and increase interest. But tedium and interest are not so easily definable as one might think. What is tedium for one man is often of great interest to another. On the whole, as a result of the free criticism through the JOURNAL, as well as at Conventions, the Board has sensed a pretty general desire for less business routine and more attention to the art of architecture. But even the latter phrase is not definable to universal satisfaction, and yet it does seem certain that the Institute is well on the way to a type of Convention which will hold the attention of the delegates to a point where none will wish to cut a single session.

In bringing about this result, as well as in bringing about other important results which now have evolved into Institute activities of the highest importance, the JOURNAL has played a conspicuous part. That it could do this by winning the unanimous applause of the Institute membership was never possible. That it has done so is a matter for which, I, as one member, am profoundly thankful and deeply grateful. But it must never be forgotten that the suppression of free criticism in the pages of the JOURNAL would mean the end of its usefulness, for a JOURNAL perverted to hard and fast propaganda in support of any single point of view would mean an end of criticism and the usefulness which flows from it. Criticism of Institute Conventions is always a challenge to do better and it is so that I personally accept it.

The Fifty-seventh Annual Convention of the Institute is to be held in New York City at some time in the early spring of 1924. The date will be announced as soon as the Committee now at work can agree upon the time best suited to all. Let me assure the members of the Institute that in preparing to make it the best one ever held we shall be helped and guided by the free criticisms that have come to us all through the JOURNAL. In the particular instance of Mr. Cunningham's report I know that there are many who approved what he said, who wrote to tell him so, and who have complimented the editor of the JOURNAL for his courage in using no blue pencil when it was very obvious that many members would not agree with Mr. Cunningham's estimate. But to deny the right of a minority to be heard, be it a minority of one only, would be a denial of the fundamentally democratic basis on which the Institute rests.

We look forward to the next Convention with high hopes. But let us form the habit of so looking ever forward until we have made the Convention of the American Institute of Architects an event of national significance,—an event that will rank as a great annual event in the history of American art,—until architecture shall finally assume the commanding position which is its right, not only as an art but as a beneficent instrument whereby beauty and harmony and order are permitted freely to render their immeasurable service to the needs of mankind.

WILLIAM B. FAVILLE.

Apprenticeships

Some months ago there appeared in these columns an article by Burt L. Fenner, dealing with the movement then being set on foot in New York City toward bringing the number of building trades apprentices up to a point where they would fill the sadly depleted ranks of skilled workmen. On 19 July last Mr. Fenner, at a luncheon meeting of the leaders of the building industry in New York City, under the auspices of the Building Congress, gave an account of the accomplishments of the Apprenticeship Committee of the Congress. Last year 750 boys were placed in training; 250 more, it is hoped, are soon to be placed.

At the luncheon Mr. Fenner declared that the work of the Apprenticeship Committee had been greatly helped by the workers' organizations, while, to his regret, he could not say the same for the employers and their organizations. Mr. Horowitz, replying for the latter, gave an assurance that henceforth this weakness would be remedied so that a full measure of co-operation would be given to the Apprenticeship Committee by the employers.

Architectural Piety

Piety is perhaps an over-rated virtue in China, where it conserves the defects of men's ancestors as well as their virtues; but in America we have never had enough of it; for our main sin has been a callous irreverence to the achievements of our ancestors, an itching desire to consider their works—and do something else. If we had any household gods to begin with, they would be left behind, with the cat, when we started to move. The result is that our architecture has never, except in one or two small regions, taken root; and instead of branching off, in each age, from the main stem, our buildings are a series of fresh starts which often enough turn out to be false ones. Fifty years ago, in the midst of the execrable mid-President Grant period, one finds the jigsaw architecture of contemporary Newport characterized as a fresh and promising departure in the art of building. Piety, in short, is not for us.

Tradition, literally speaking, is the art of surrendering to one's ancestors; and it is not to be confused with a practice which masquerades under its name—that is, the habit of using designs and "styles" taken over from communities to which one is related by nothing but the historian's extraneous interest. In the best sense of the word, tradition is an attempt to live in the spirit of people with whom one is naturally affiliated by blood or experience. In America, for instance, there is still something of the pioneer in all of us, if it goes no further than a desire to picnic in the woods on a Sunday afternoon, and the deepest chords in our being respond to the faintest echo of Whitman or Thoreau. What is generally called tradition in our architecture is no more related to such deep affinities in mood and experience than the "Egyptian" prints our flappers wear are related to the religion of Tut-ankh-amen; which accounts, possibly, for the fact that our architectural styles are wont to change almost as quickly as our fashions in dress.

Suppose there had been a little more piety in Colonial times; a little more effort to catch the spirit of the American woods. It is conceivable, then, that the great beams and naked plaster walls in the farm houses of the very earliest period would not have been covered up so vainly by the eighteenth century plasterer and carpenter, with classic moldings and cornices; and instead of going back nowadays to Tudor and Elizabethan models in a desperate effort to bring to light a "usable past" we might have preserved a little of the flair of Elizabethan workmanship in direct succession. Similarly, once the Colonial mode was established, piety would have kept us in line with a modest and decorous classicism, bursting out occasionally into such fine groups as Corinthian Row in New York; whereas the lack of it let us in for the whole gamut of vagaries in structure and design which overwhelmed us in the nineteenth century. It was only when we fell in love with the Renaissance in Europe that we recovered our wits sufficiently to admire the models it had planted in America.

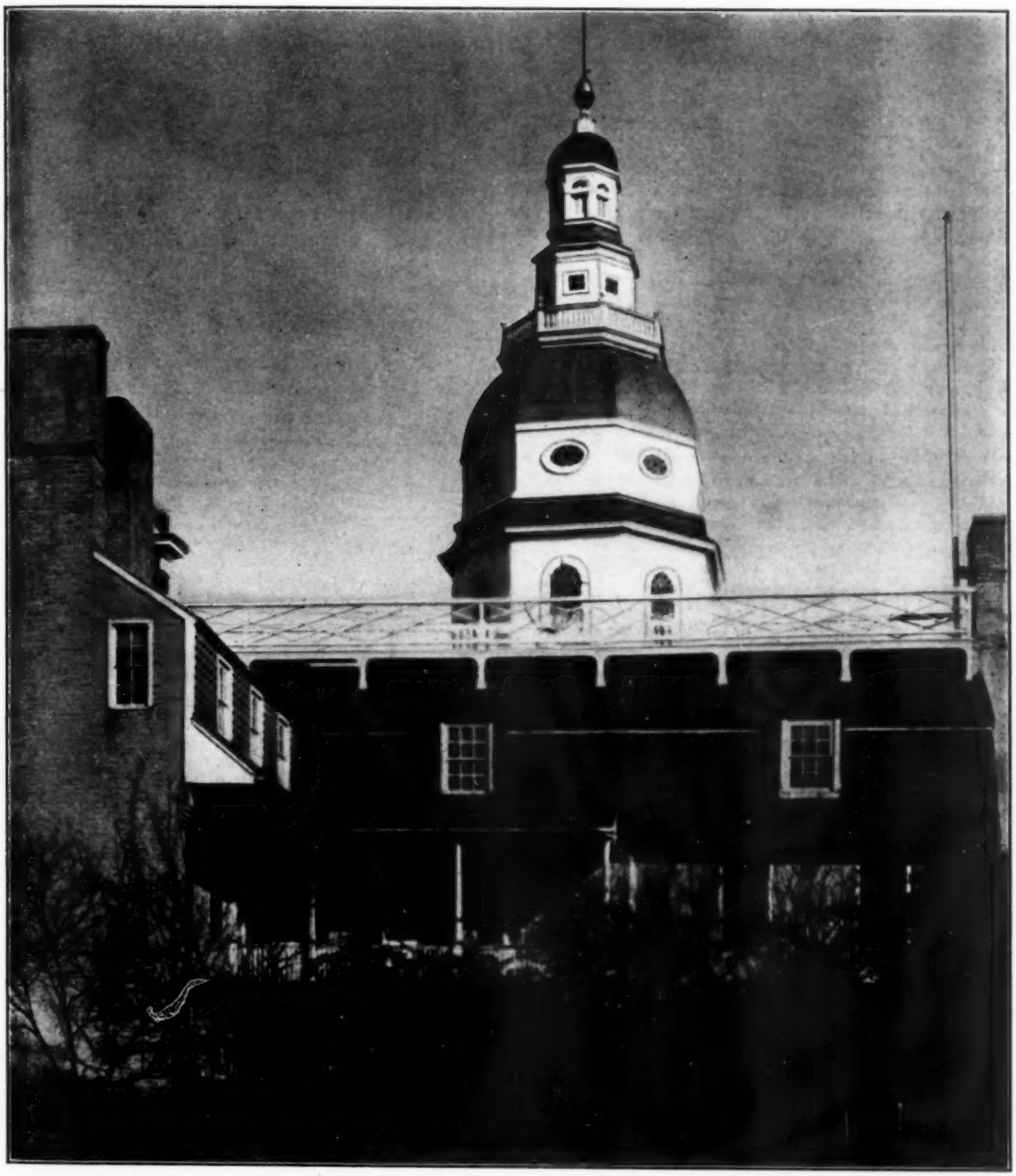
Our impiety is equally plain in our contempt for the land; for a blankness to the facts of geography is the other side of the common man's notion that "history is bunk." Had we had a little love for the soil in which our ancestors slept we might have used our native rocks more intelligently in our building—instead of stripping so ruthlessly "our woods and templed hills." The schist and gneiss of New York, and the granite of Connecticut, have largely gone to waste, and have scarcely ever entered into the buildings of those regions except in the foundations; whereas, like the proverbial dunderheads who carry coals to Newcastle, we continue to reach out to Vermont for marble and Indiana for limestone, if indeed we do not go to Italy for travertine. It is not that our native stone architecture is bad; considering our lack of tradition, it is really remarkably good: Mr. Bertram Goodhue's Chapel of the Intercession is a witness to what can be done with our scaly Manhattan schist when an understanding hand employs that medium. Indeed, anyone who has examined the red sandstone houses of New Jersey knows how successful the ordinary mason was in putting together his native material; in contrast to the sullen failure of the New York jerrybuilder who used Connecticut sandstone as a facing for his chocolate-colored Brownstone Front.

If the architect has caught the spirit of his locality, and utilized all its resources, he does not have to pillage European ruins for inspiration; and who can doubt that a great many buildings, particularly country buildings, would fare better if the innate traditions of the place and the people had entered into the work? Is not, in fact, a good deal of the paper tradition of the schools, from the doctrine of the Five Orders onwards, merely an effort to make up for insensitiveness to a real tradition, or for its complete absence in a raw, restless, roving pioneer community?

What holds in rural architecture, holds with changes in the city. There are, in some of our older cities, little areas like the Washington Square district in New York where a good many remnants of late Colonial or early Republican architecture still are standing. However futile it may be to revive the Colonial mode by itself, it seems altogether fitting and proper that the additions and replacements in such districts should be carried out in the same spirit, as far as possible, as the earlier work—if for no other reason than that our historic past in America is so poor that almost any living remnant of it is precious. If the meaning of this plea for architectural piety seems obscure or far-fetched, let me bring forward a concrete illustration, the new apartment house which has recently been erected on the northwest corner of Washington Square.

Most everyone will agree, I suppose, that the north end of Washington Square, particularly the segment that flanks the arch presents a very satisfactory street composition: the proportions of the arch and the buildings are good, and on a sunny day the dazzling yellow of the marble, contrasted with the red brick on each side, forms a vivid frame to the blue avenue beyond. The materials are relatively simple and crude, and one can hardly speak of them in the same breath as the Place Vendôme or the Place de l'Etoile; and yet within these limits the esthetic result is marvelously fine.

Well, a little while ago it seemed that all this beauty was doomed to disappear; for the building wreckers began to disembowel three old houses that stood on the west



Shaw-Franklin House and State House Tower, Annapolis, Maryland
Photograph by Delos Smith

side of the avenue, and a large sign announced that a modern apartment house would occupy the site. Remembering Gramercy Park, remembering Mr. Stanford White's treatment of the Judson Memorial Church on the opposite side of the Square, who could help thinking that some elegant monstrosity would shoulder itself, asymmetrically, above the arch? The actual result, however, confounds one's natural expectations. The new apartment house is more definitely part of the landscape than many of its neighbors: in height it is scaled down to the level of the old buildings, in tone it is exactly in keeping with the older houses; and in ornamental detail it is, if anything, a little more refined and interesting than the somewhat severe and uninspired original houses. In short, the old dwellings have not been destroyed: they have rather been renewed. The spirit of late colonial architecture got into the very bones of the designer, and he has given the old shell a new lease on life. If Latrobe or Bullfinch had built apartment houses this, I don't doubt, is what they would have liked to have done.

Now piety in this sense is not the copying of a form but an understanding and a sympathizing with a mode of life; and as an example of Civic Virtue, to say nothing of architectural good sense, it is worth a dozen stone dummies in City Hall Park. Thus a building in the Colonial mode, which might seem insincere and theatrical in Cleveland, becomes in its place thoroughly good and honest: as the means of deliberately maintaining an historic connection the style has something of the same inevitability that it had in its original setting. Our architecture would be all the freer to face new problems in an original way, if its "revivals" were confined to regions where there had once been life. We are indeed all the more ready to welcome buildings like Mr. Calvin Kiessling's Playhouse Group for New Canaan, Connecticut, or like the new town hall in Peterborough, N. H., which also boasts a Bullfinch Church, because such a treatment would seem to us laughable in regions where the colonial builder had never struck roots. Piety and originality, tradition and innovation, are each good in their place; and they are altogether pathetic and ludicrous when they are out of it. It is equally vain to deny the past where it exists, or to attempt to live by it where it does not exist.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Competition for the Municipal Building of Montevideo, Uruguay

Notice is given by the Uruguayan Legation that the designs for this competition will be received at the offices of the Consul General of Uruguay, Room 243, 17 Battery place, New York City, until 8 September, 1923, at 3 P. M. All charge for packing and forwarding to Montevideo, Uruguay, will be at the expense of the competitors.

About Books

Architects are reminded that the WREN MEMORIAL VOLUME is being distributed by the JOURNAL. Those who have not seen a prospectus of this superb volume are invited to send us their names. A first consignment has been received from London, and is being distributed to those who have already ordered.

Attention is called to the List of Books Recommended to Architects and printed on pages VI and VII of the advertising section in the front of this issue. The items there mentioned are selected as covering the widest possible range of reading. Special lists on particular subjects will be sent on request.

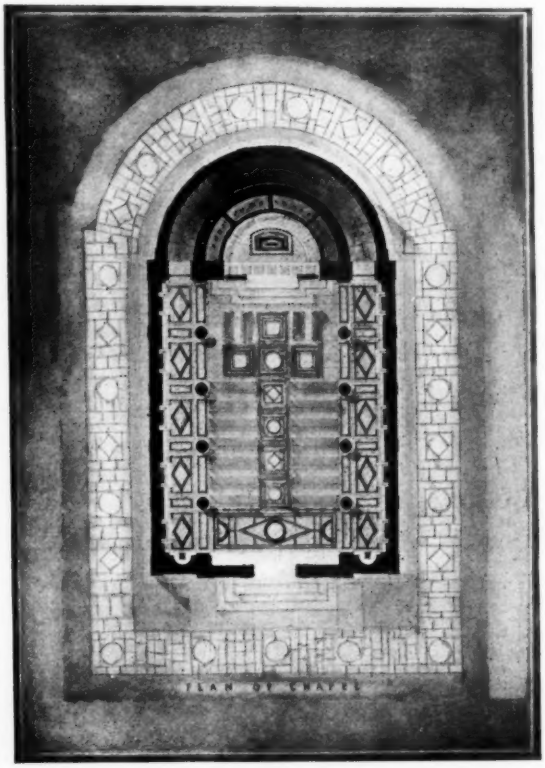
Jurisdictional Awards

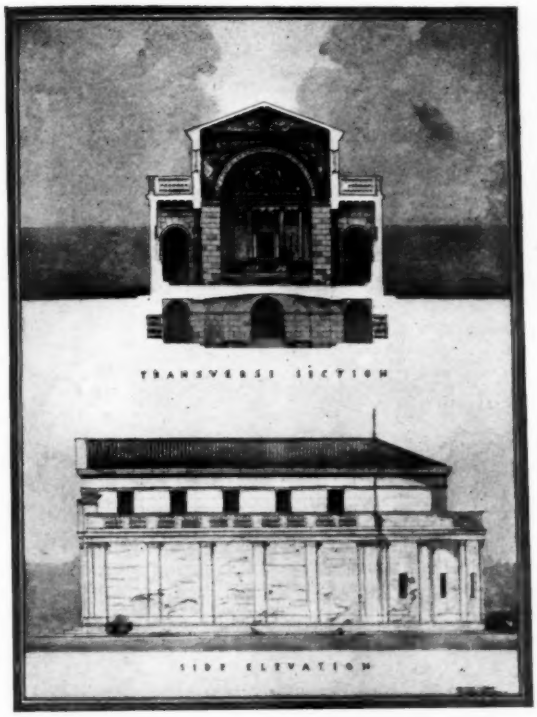
The Institute is under agreement with the National Board to publish the List of Awards to date. They will appear in our September issue.

Rome Fellowship in Architecture

American Academy in Rome

The *Prix de Rome* in architecture has been awarded to Arthur F. Deam, of Springfield, Ohio, who entered the competition at Columbia University. Mr. Deam is a





graduate of Ohio State University and Columbia, with the degree of Bachelor of Architecture. He worked his way through both institutions. He will enter the Academy in Rome October 1, 1923.

Honorable Mention was granted to Fritz Steffens, of New York; William Douglas, of New London, and Paul F. Simpson, of Pittsburgh. The members of the jury were Breck Trowbridge, chairman; Wm. Mitchell Kendall, Charles A. Platt, Henry Bacon, and Wm. Adams Delano.

Drawings rendered in the final competition will be on public exhibition until the middle of August in Avery Hall, Columbia University.

The problem was a chapel to be built upon a large country estate, the existing buildings of which follow classic precedents. The building, particularly the interior, to be designed as a composition of architecture, painting and sculpture. The situation a slight eminence, the highest point being about 500 feet to the east of the main axis of the garden development of the estate. The main axis to run approximately north and south, and the rise of ground from the main axis to the top of the eminence to average four feet to the hundred. The general slope of the grounds of the estate is toward the south and west, and the chapel building proper not to exceed 75 feet in its largest exterior dimension.

It should be possible to reach the chapel by motor road as well as by foot paths.

The requirements for the competition were:

1. A sketch within a period of fourteen consecutive hours, including the following parts:

(a) Plan of chapel and surroundings, with treatment of grounds lying between chapel and main axis, at scale of 64 feet equal 1 inch.

(b) Main elevation of chapel at scale of 16 feet equal 1 inch.

(c) Section of chapel (longitudinal or transverse), same scale.

NOTE—This sketch to be filed with the Supervisor for the use of the Jury, and a copy to be preserved by the competitor. No documents, criticism or assistance of any kind to be permitted.

2. Within the four weeks following an executed set of drawings rendered in monotone, which included:

(a) Block plan of chapel and plan of grounds covering area shown in requirement (a) of 14-hour sketch, at scale of 32 feet equal 1 inch.

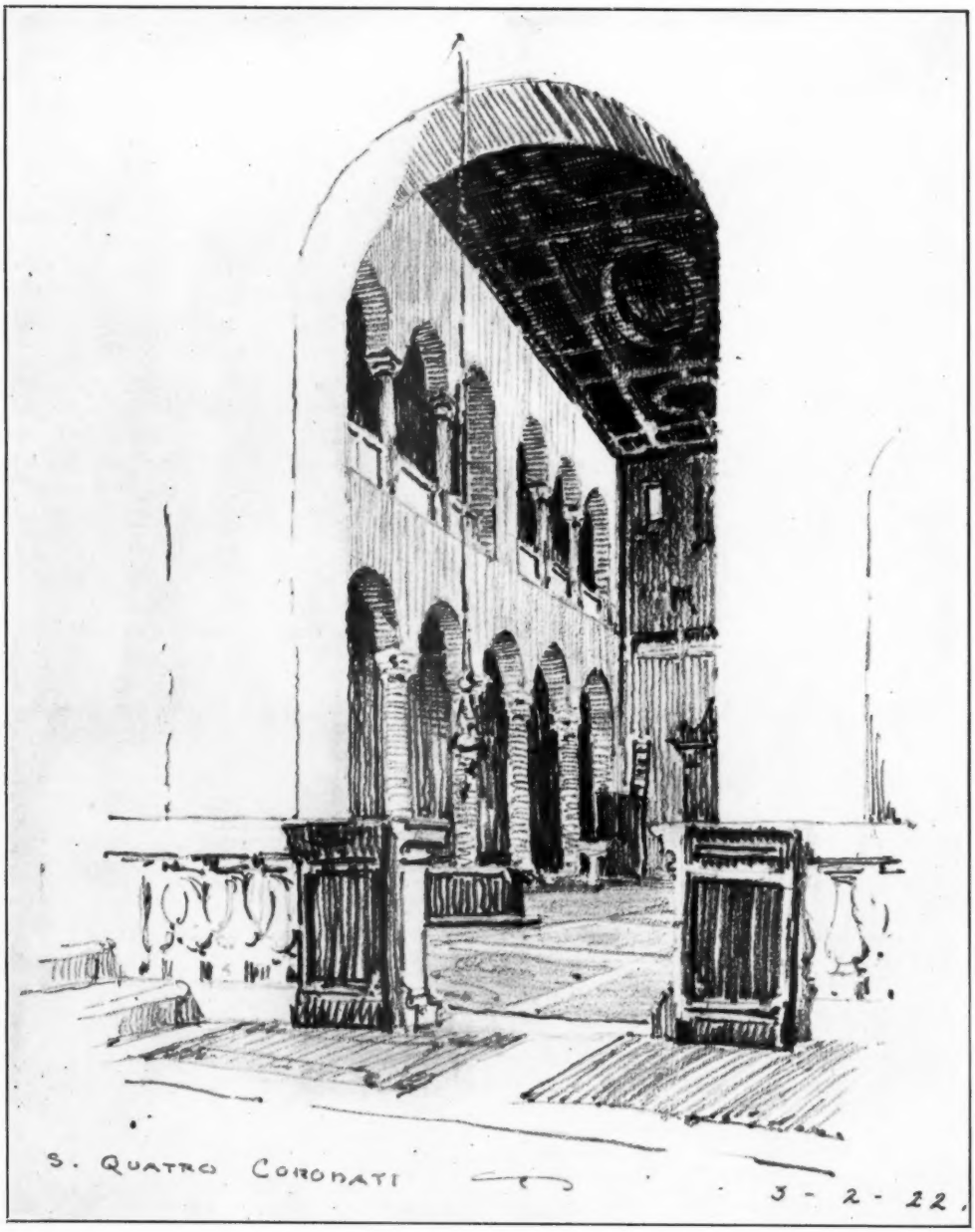
(b) Main elevation of chapel, at scale of 4 feet equal 1 inch.

(c) Side elevation of chapel, at scale of 4 feet equal 1 inch.

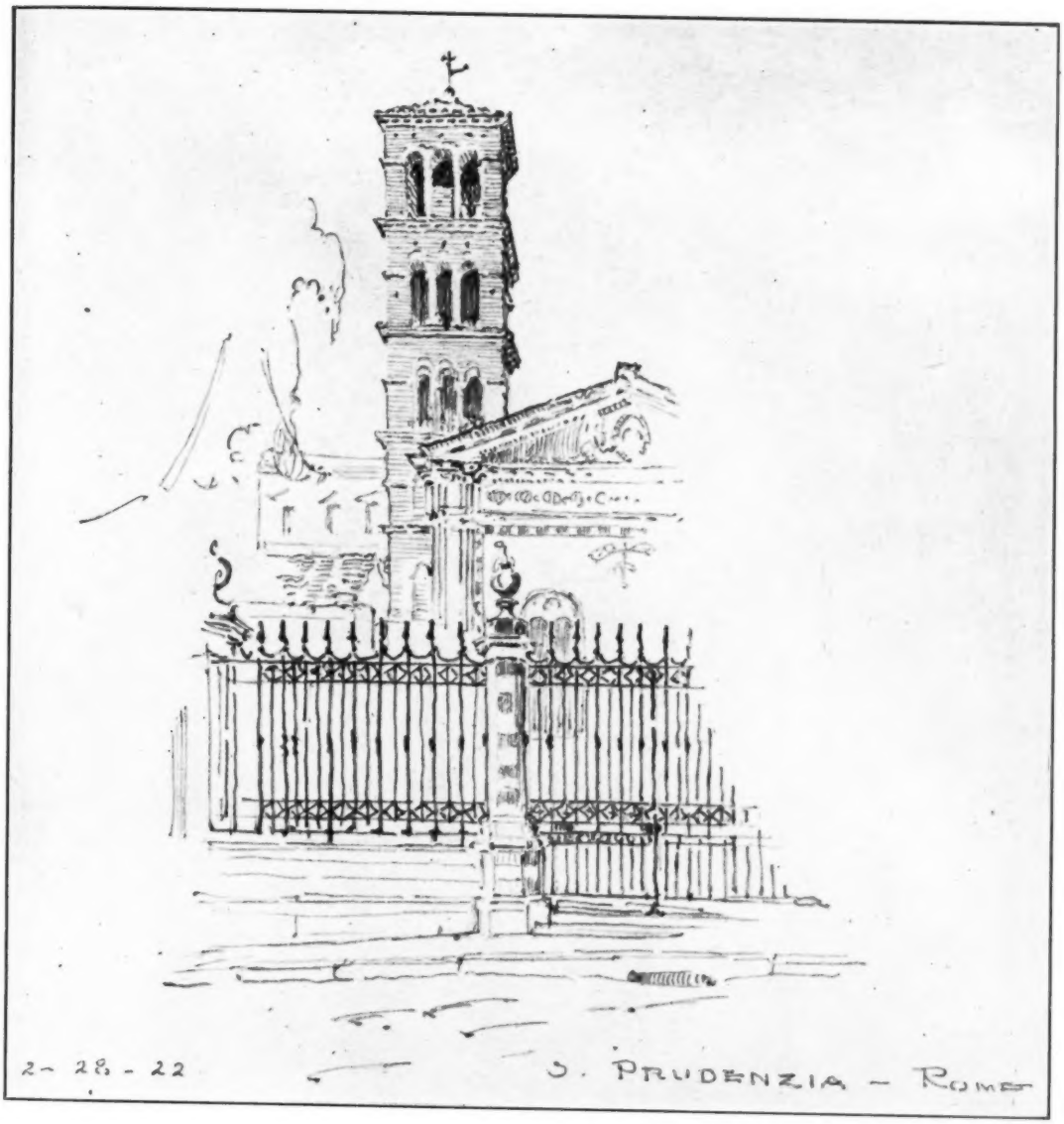
(d) Section of chapel, at scale of 4 feet equal 1 inch. (Place (c) and (d) on *one sheet*).

(e) Plan of chapel, at scale of 4 feet equal 1 inch.

SECTION AND ELEVATION—*Prix de Rome* COMPETITION—1923. ARTHUR F. DEAM, WINNER



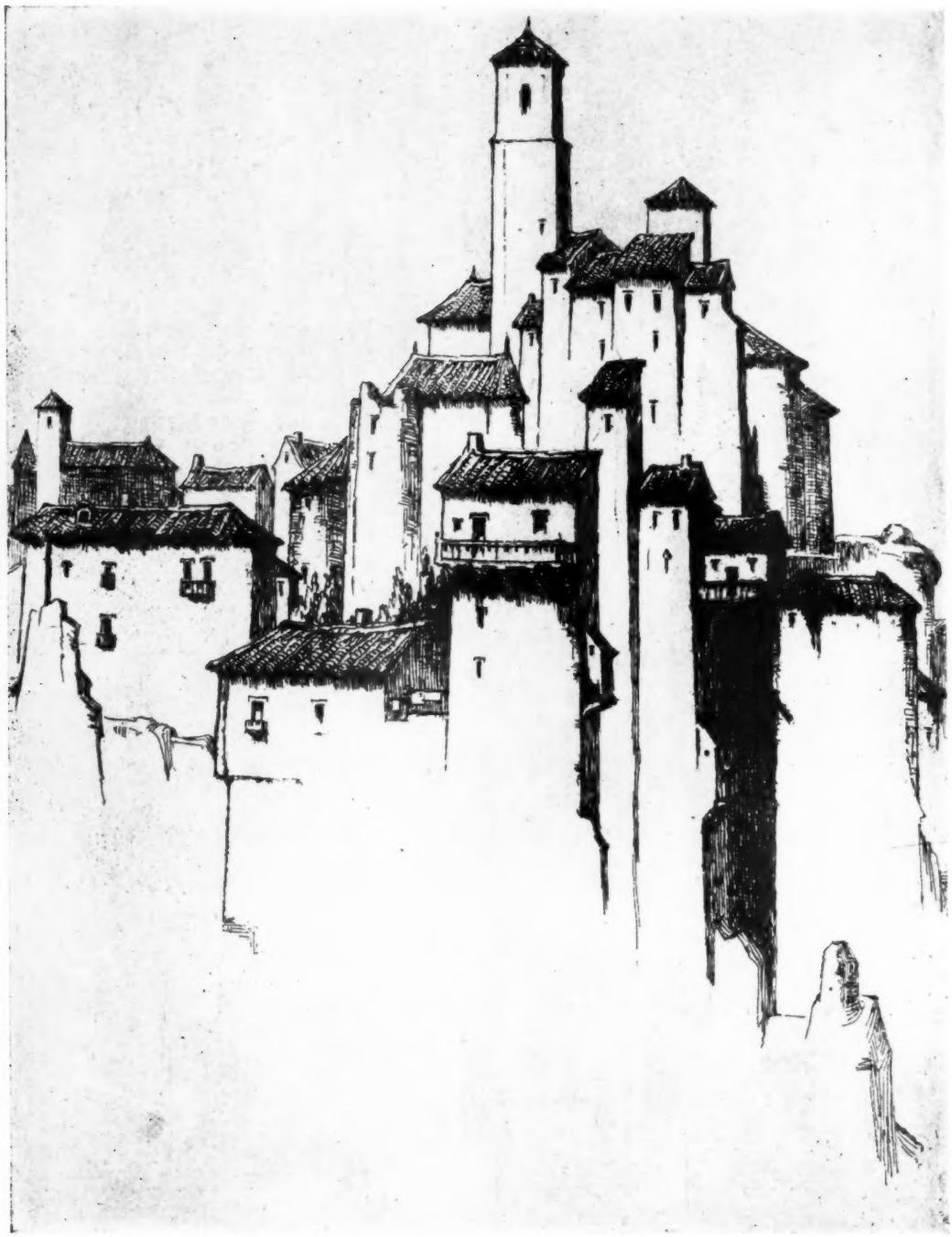
AFTER THE DRAWING
By Donald B. Parkinson



AFTER THE DRAWING
By Donald B. Parkinson

CLIFF DWELLERS—CUENCA, SPAIN
After the Etching by S. Chatwood Burton

THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY OF THE HUÈCAR
After the Etching by S. Chatwood Burton

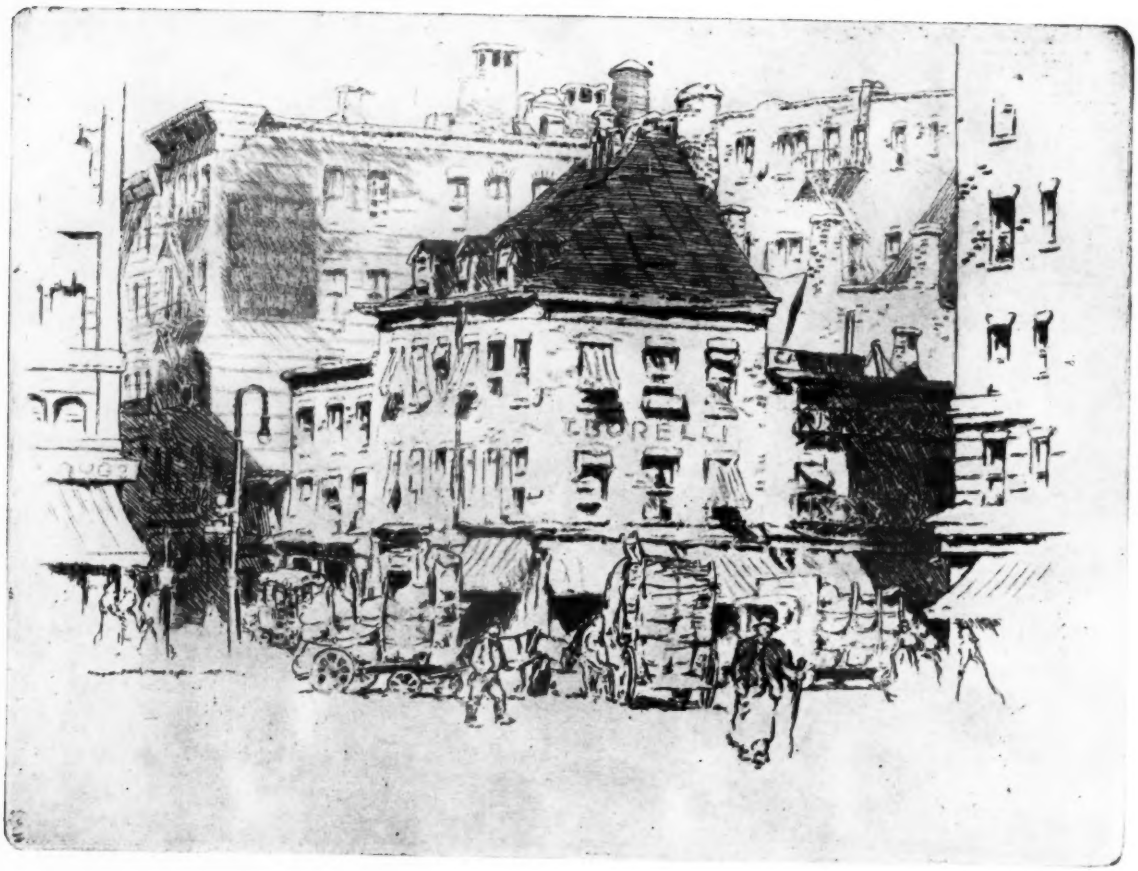


THE SKYLINE—CUENCA, SPAIN
After the Etching by S. Chatwood Burton

HOUSES—CUENCA, SPAIN
After the Etching by S. Chatwood Burton

RHONDA
After the Etching by S. Chatwood Burton

A Church in Veere
After the Etching by J. Paul Verrees



An Old Time Tavern
After the Etching by William Heyer

Regional and Vocational Influences in Architecture[1]

By STANLEY C. RAMSEY

"The sure and certain hope for the fruition of the New State is in the coming of a generation endowed with a steady outlook towards the future, yet accustomed to turn to the past critically though affectionately. For the future can never be disconnected from the past, but must ever be continuous with it. By deliberate selection from past tendencies surviving into the present, and by judiciously planned recombination of them, we may shape the future."

—THE COMING POLITY.

Preferably, perhaps, the title of this article should be "Regional and Vocational Influences in Building," but our modern methods of confusing words and meanings, leave me no alternative, if I am to express myself with any exactitude, but the one I have chosen.

As I have said, I should have preferred to use the word "Building," because this is both more homely and more general—but we are accustomed nowadays to mean by "Building" merely the practical and contracting part of building work, and to regard the builder as a man who is an expert on accounts and drains—as one who builds, but as one who cannot build beautifully, I will not say intelligently, without expert direction. The expert director we call the "Architect." Professor Lethaby tells us that we lost the art of building with the close of the Middle Ages, though some survival of it may have continued to the end of the 17th century—after this, all was "Big-wiggery and Puffery," though I believe that even Professor Lethaby has a sneaking regard for Wren. But I hope to convince you that though that is partially true, it is not the whole truth, and that even the "Illuminati" were a necessary part of the evolution of building.

We must remember that this arbitrary division into "Architects and Builders" is of comparatively recent date—that down to the end of the 18th century men were both Architects and Builders. Sir William Chambers and Robert Adam both contracted for buildings in addition to designing them. Another very general word to describe the architect that was used during Renaissance days, and one with which The Institute is very familiar, is the word "Surveyor." But to survey, though very necessary before and during the progress of building is not the same as building, and I feel that the general acceptance of the word "Architect" is sound, for it is, as you know, derived from the Greek, and means the "Arch Constructor" or "Master Mason" and though your master-mason may, in a clay country be your master-bricklayer, or even in a timber country your master-carpenter, the meaning is the same in each case—the man who shapes and determines the character of your building. It is interesting to note that whereas the term bricklayer (except in a few stone districts) is the general term for the carcaser throughout England, an operative who does corresponding work in Scotland is known as a mason—a very real and significant distinction.

[1] A paper read to the Sociological Society.

In a paper which I had the honor of writing for the *Sociological Review*, I attempted to describe the regional and vocational influences that produced the ancient architecture of Mesopotamia, Egypt, Greece, Rome and mediæval Europe—the place, work and folk, and the resultant habitations. The river and the clay buildings of Mesopotamia, the river and the clay transmuted into granite for the buildings of Egypt, the mountain stone and marble buildings of Greece and Rome and the forest and timber buildings, afterwards translated into stone of Northern Europe. Now it is my hope to show (however inadequately) that the same fundamental conditions of place, work and folk, when cleared of all modern complexities and complications, together with those fundamental differences in occupation arising out of the valley section, still determine and control our architecture.

To return to our Valley section, we first have the miner, and it is to the miner (if I may use the word miner to include quarrymen) that we owe our best and our worst buildings. Professor Fleure in his *Human Geography in Western Europe*, has drawn a very clear distinction between the miner in regions of increment, such as the quarryman-miner of Greece and Rome, and the miner in regions of difficulty, such as the coal miner in the bleak districts far from the cultural settlements, such as we find in this country. Professor Fleure points out that the better industrial conditions of Germany are in some part due to the development of her coal fields near the cultural centers—though it must not be forgotten that Germany did not develop her industries until much later than this country, and so had opportunity to profit by our mistakes.

Personally, I think the finest and most consistent architecture the world has ever seen was that of the ancient Greek quarryman. The history of Greece and of Grecian architecture is so well known that I only propose to dwell very briefly on it here. So much learning has been applied to its study that we are in danger of being crushed by the sheer dead weight of knowledge and to forget the essentially simple elements from which Greek building was evolved.

In the past our Professors of Architecture loved to deafen us with long Greek names—the longer the better—the "architrave," was never called an "Architrave," but the "Epistylium"; and such a simple affair as a "guest-house" was described by a name that suggested a prehistoric monster, etc., etc.,—but, what they missed was the spirit of Greek Architecture—"The purest sensuous beauty, the perfect medium, never overstepping the limit of charming propriety and grace," and, particularly, the sociological understanding of the ancient Greek people, without which no one, be he ever so erudite, will be able to understand, or appreciate Greek architecture. Place, work, folk—sailors, agriculturists, shepherds and quarrymen, a mountainous country with fertile valleys, and we have the Greek people and Greek architecture. One

book such as Professor Ernest Gardner's *Ancient Athens* is worth whole libraries of learned folios.

Before considering the modern miner and his works we will again return to our valley section, and consider some of the other vocations, and their influence on building. In all countries throughout the ages, the great building people have always been the agriculturalists, the peasants. Their settled place of abode—the regular routine of their seasonal duties gave a permanence to their works that the other vocations missed.

Since the time when Adam forsook a life of leisured contemplation for one of agricultural energy, down to the present time, the main work for the mass of mankind has been agriculture. It is on the rich agricultural plains and in the fertile valleys that wealth accumulates and cities rise. If you would search out the most beautiful towns and villages in England, you will find them in the old agricultural centers. Probably the most beautiful of all in the regions where the plains meet the foothills or extend to the Ports. Peasants by themselves, although they can build—have in fact, the constructive faculty—if left entirely to their own devices tend to become dull and require the inspiration of the shepherd with his mystical imagination, or the sailor with his mind stirred by foreign travel and strange adventure, in order to fire them to produce imaginative architecture.

Beautiful towns of course exist on plains (and a beautiful town is a collection of beautiful buildings harmoniously grouped together), but as a general rule I think you will find the towns in the middle of the plains (I am speaking of conditions as they existed up to the end of the 18th century) a little dull unless they happen to be on a great river, a main high road, or some other avenue along which flows the imagination and adventure of life. In England the distances are so short that the clearest examples of such contrasts are not quite so obvious as elsewhere, but even here I think we can trace out the regional influences.

The great middle plain of England contains many beautiful towns and villages, but where that plain extends to the foothills, where shepherds and peasants meet, as for instance in the Cotswolds, where there are some of the most beautiful villages in England, there shepherds, peasant and quarryman have given us of their best. Or again, take those portions of Kent and Sussex, where plain and fertile valley extend to meet the pastures of the North and South Downs, and you will be richly rewarded by a series of wonderful villages and small towns. Or again, take that remarkable series of towns that run along the Welsh border—Chester, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Hereford, Ross and others—Here you have perhaps the clearest example of the peasants of the plain inspired by the shepherds of the hills—the music of Wales echoing through English walls. I believe it was Mr. Branford who in one of his books pointed out how it was the masons of the Cotswolds who, working under shepherd inspiration, descended on to the plain and built Oxford.

If the agriculturist is an uninspired builder without the aid of shepherd contact and incitement—the shepherd without peasant aid and effort can, if he essays to build, rarely achieve anything beyond the simplest elements of shelter—the architecture of the sheepfold. Shepherds though remarkable for qualities of imagination, for artistic and musical expression, for the care and conservation of life, and for spiritual leadership can achieve very little that requires peasant-like qualities of hard and continuous effort. The Hebrew and Arab tent are amongst the earliest forms of shepherd shelter—but the Hebrews have left us no permanent architecture, and the Arab and Saracenic buildings embody the evanescent and fugitive quality of the tent—it is not structural and enduring like peasant and quarryman's architecture. Our own shepherds in the regions of difficulty of Wales and Scotland, with the aid of not very imaginative quarrymen, have left us a series of the simplest cottages and houses, very small and bleak on the hills and uplands, a little more interesting, where shepherd meets poor upland farmer and together, with the help of the quarryman or mason, build the simplest farmhouses and churches. In this country we find in the districts of the chalk downs the flint and chalk cottages of the shepherd communities.

It is when shepherds and peasants meet the sailor at our ports that we get what is sometimes the finest architecture—the architecture of capital cities, of Edinburgh, London, Paris and recently New York or the architecture of great seaport towns, such as Venice, Genoa, Bordeaux and Liverpool.

If the sailor has not the high spiritual imagination of the shepherd, he has many other valuable qualities, and an imaginative range that even exceeds the shepherd's. His vocation brings him into contact with foreign countries and men of all nations; he is a trained observer and has ample time during his long voyages to meditate and digest what he has seen. He is imaginative, practical, a purveyor of ideas, able to rise very quickly to an emergency and capable of doing a great deal with very limited materials—his limitations are the limitations of his ship—he is capable of great effort for short periods, but unable to stand continuous effort requiring patient endeavour. Without peasant persistency of effort and the spiritual outlook of the shepherd, the sailor's buildings will tend to be ephemeral—he will be content with second or third rate material, and if he always strikes an interesting note, he will be inclined to be satisfied with makeshift construction. All these qualities and defects can be seen in the architecture of any seaport town or fishing village.

Venice built upon piles—beautiful as a dream—with fitful visions of Moorish domes, thin columns almost vanishing into mist—powdery stucco and facings of marble. Not that Venice has not many enduring buildings, the Italian peasant as well as the Italian sailor built it, but it has not the stability of Rome or Florence.

The sailor is a disturber and irritant, he comes and goes, sets men's imaginations on fire, always wants to be trying something new—he shakes us out of our rut and sets us travelling along new routes. It would be interesting if I had the time and knowledge to trace out the action and re-action of the design of ships on the design of land buildings and vice-versa. Comparing the many-storied poops of the old sailing vessel with the timber and galleried fronts of the old wooden houses of London, Edinburgh and Bristol, to mention a few sailor-

influenced towns. Though here another factor comes in—that of the woodman and woodman-ship-builder, and as far as the architecture of this country, and of the architecture of Northern Europe generally is concerned, the influence of the woodman is of paramount importance.

But to finish with our sailors, I have attempted to indicate how much we owe them as energisers and inspirers of our builders—those sailors, who from the days when Roman Galleys and afterwards Viking raiders visited these shores, have throughout the subsequent ages awakened us from our Island sleep and urged us on to new, and ever new endeavour. If at times the urgings have been followed too rapidly and consequent results have not been altogether successful, we must not altogether blame the sailors.

The Victorian age and the Elizabethan have often been compared and similarities discovered in each. From the architects' point of view they were both experimental, restless, unsatisfactory, and if a large part of Victorian building might truthfully be described as "Jerry built" a large part of Elizabethan and Jacobean might I think with almost equal truth be described as "Jerry-designed."

The Victorian civilization was essentially a miner's civilization, the improvisation of the mining camp, and Victorian building was mainly of the camp, or settlement variety, temporary and muddled, without real tradition, permanence or ordered beauty, and, if I am not stretching parallels too far, I should describe the Elizabethan civilization as a sailors' civilization—the improvisation of the ship (a more traditional and permanent affair than the camp), and Elizabethan buildings as sailors' buildings. In many ways the comparison is unfair, for much of Elizabethan work is extremely beautiful. The Elizabethans were essentially great adventurers, great sailors and great expansionists, and their buildings had not the permanent qualities of preceding or subsequent ages.

The modest Tudor mansion expanded with the fortunes of the builders into the great family mansions of Hatfield, Wollaton, Longleat, etc., etc., and this expansion was too sudden for good building. Though these and other Elizabethan buildings are extremely interesting they are not well ordered and although, as I have said, much of the craftsmanship was extremely beautiful, yet the general effect is restless and unsatisfactory. These Elizabethan houses have, to my eyes, an experimental and transitory appearance, as of woodwork (and ship's woodwork at that) suddenly turned into stone. We can trace all the ship's details, the carved figurehead at the front of the house decorates the upper part of a bracket or consol—the long, thin vertical lines of carved stonework bear the influence of masts and rigging, and even certain of the strapwork ornament suggests the folded sails. Elizabethan architecture has not the homeliness and agricultural character of the earlier Tudor, or the later Georgian, the most satisfying phases of all our domestic architecture.

As the great primeval forest which covered the whole of Northern Europe was slowly cleared and the Mediterranean culture passed up the Rhone Valley, a permanent, stable and all pervading land influence gradually determined the new buildings and towns in the forest clearings, whilst the sailors taking the shorter and easier sea routes qualified, quickened, and gave new direction to these land influences, the warp and woof of which it is not always easy to disentangle.

Running through all the architecture of Northern Europe and in particular of this country, is the influence of the woodman. Gothic buildings were a logical and artistic development of forest forms and ideas, but with the passing of the Gothic, although the forest influences were still at work (indeed are still at work with us) their expression in building became more and more confused throughout Tudor and Elizabethan times, until with the advent of Inigo Jones and Wren, we obtained the masonry forms of the classic builders from Italy by way of France, though tempered with the brick influences of Holland and the Low Countries. I do not feel that we in England have ever quite assimilated the scale of classic work. The Scots have, perhaps, been rather more successful—Stone to them is a more familiar material, and it is interesting to compare the scale of the masonry as we find it in Aberdeen, for instance, with that of London. In the Scotch town there is a note of breadth and simplicity—the influence of the squared stone—whilst in London our masonry is for the most part small and timid and seems to pertain more to the scale of brickwork—and in fact London is a brick city.

These influences of timber, brick and stone, qualified by the local conditions in the different parts of this country, were all important until the beginning of the 19th century, when, with the coming of the Industrial Age, we plunged back into our worse than forest confusion, and the pit-prop architecture (if it can be dignified with so fine a word) of the modern coal-miner inflicted us for close on one hundred years.

It has frequently occurred to me that the Englishman's independence of character and mental obscurity as compared with the social homogeneity and logical clearness of the French is largely due to the fact that as an island people we retained our forest traditions much longer than the French, who were the first to clear the forest, and the first of the northern nations to feel the influences from the classic lands. The woodman's influence passed much more quickly in France. From a nation of woodlanders they became a nation of masons, and the miner-quarryman's influence became dominant. But in spite of our 150 odd years of classic architecture, when we, too, were assimilating Mediterranean culture, we to this day thrill, as I believe the people of no other nation can do, at the sight of a Gothic Cathedral, or an old half-timbered manor house. We feel that these are buildings that really belong to us. Even if we cannot as a nation profess to the clearness of French logic and our artistic expression is in consequence frequently weak and chaotic, we can at least claim one good gift from our forest tradition, and that is the love of the countryside and the open air life. The old tradition of the small isolated communities of the forest clearings, interpreted into modern terms of "individual house" and "Garden City" in contrast to the flat dwellers of other countries. I have said many hard things about our

Garden Cities in the past, and I shall probably say worse things in the future—but that is not because I do not believe in them, but because I believe in them so wholeheartedly. Out of our forest obscurity, and our industrial coal-miners' muddle, we have evolved this original and precious gift to the other nations of the world—this modern idea of a Garden City.

I said at the beginning of this article that I hoped to convince you of the value of our classic inheritance, that is of the building work that was carried out from about 1650 to 1800. It has to-day many admirers, and many detractors—and of the two I am not sure but that it is the admirers who have done it the greater dis-service. If you have aristocratic and selective tastes and tendencies you will admire it (or pretend to), whilst if you have democratic and eclectic tastes, you will hate it (or pretend to), but if you are really concerned with the art of England, you will neither unduly love or hate it, you will try to understand it!

We all know how the highly centralized agricultural life of France led to the concentration of political power in the hands of the King—how he expressed this power by the building of Versailles—and how the French nation tiring of the kingly domination decapitated the unfortunate inheritor of that great palace, and appropriated it for the use of the nation. But when the French people appropriated Versailles, they appropriated far more than a mere King's Palace, they also appropriated the ideas that went to the building of that Palace. They appropriated the great training school of the Beaux Arts and carried on the tradition which had built up a mighty School of Artists and craftsmen who ministered (or thought they were ministering) to the private pleasures of a few great princes and their mistresses, and used this talent and this tradition for the benefit and glory of the whole nation. They took the great aristocratic traditions and put them on a democratic basis, and that is one of the strongest reasons why France has been the leading artistic nation in the world for the last hundred years or so.

It would appear when glancing down the records of the ages, that the French nation had patiently waited and watched until the exact moment when the favoured governing few had acquired all they could of social and artistic culture, and then stepping in had said—"Enough! Now the result of your governing shall be taken and handed over to the patient (though by this time not too patient) multitude."

In England we had no sudden and abrupt revolution. Our political revolution was earlier than the French, and our social revolution resolved itself into an industrial evolution—whilst our French neighbours were cutting off the heads of their King and Queen, we were discovering coal! Here we had no Louis XIV and no Versailles, but we had the great governing nobles and the great country house.

But if socially the industrial revolution made no great and violent changes, artistically it was far more revolutionary than the French. Almost before the industrial revolution was fairly under way, we had started with our Gothic revival, or if you prefer it, Gothic Renewal. The liberated energies evoked by industrialism expressed themselves spiritually in a renewed contact with the forest traditions. That is why for the last fifty years or so, though we have had a fine school of ecclesiastical architecture under the inspiration of our spiritual chiefs, and of domestic architecture devoted to the services of our hunter chiefs and their dependents, we could not build great cities or great communal buildings.

As architects, the one outstanding problem that demanded and demands our solution, is that of what may be termed "Crowd Architecture." The architecture of the big hotels, the big store, the theatre and cinema, capable of seating huge audiences—these, whether you like it or not, have all to be expressed in our modern cities, and it is better to express them well than badly. I do not think that we shall ever achieve the full masonic development of either the French or the ancient Greeks and Romans—the forest tradition is too strongly with us, but we can learn much from them in the way of logical statement and breadth of expression. In some way, I shall not be rash enough to suggest how, it appears to me that our problem is to make a marriage of Gothic energy with Classic culture.

Before we can hope with any comfort to wend our way through the mazy intricacies of the Industrial Period, I think it might be helpful to get some simple idea of exactly what the earlier vocational types stood for in architecture. We have heard a great deal lately of the necessity of understanding materials and the need of expressing materials in our buildings, but when the matter is sifted down it seems to imply little more than the careful consideration of texture in our bricks and tiles, and the great moral value of displaying our steel work. But the correct use of materials implies a far greater knowledge than this; we must know how certain types used certain materials in the past, and why they used them.

The miner-quarryman employed the squared block of stone or granite and gave us classic architecture, and if we are to use stone successfully, there must always be the feeling of the squared block hewn out of the heart of the mountain, running through every detail of our masonry. Our stone buildings must express the static repose of the mountain and the patience and excellence of the quarryman-mason. The forest woodlander gave us daring construction and dynamic energy, and if we wish to express these qualities in our buildings we must employ either wood or steel to do so—for the modern steelworker and steelbuilder is the modern equivalent of the ancient woodworker. The peasant clay-worker on his fertile plains and on the banks of his pleasant rivers gave us simple, homely buildings of brick, expressing ease and comfort; and if we use bricks, let us use them in the traditional way—in broad, simple masses—not cut up into all manner of irritating shapes—into thin piers and inadequate walls.

And above all let us have a clear logical view of the possibilities and limitations of our materials, and not muddle up steel and stone, bricks and timber, as did our unfortunate coal-miner. Here if I may, I should like to quote a short passage from Emerson's "Essay on History":

"By simply throwing ourselves into new circumstances

we do continually invent anew the orders and the ornaments of architecture, as we see how each people merely decorated its primitive abodes. The Doric temple still presents the semblance of the wooden cabin in which the Dorian dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betray the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathers. 'The custom of making houses and tombs in the living rock' (says Heeren, in his Researches on the Ethiopians) 'determined very naturally the principal character of the Nubian Egyptian architecture to the colossal form which it assumed.' In these caverns already prepared by nature, the eye was accustomed to dwell on huge shapes and masses, so that when art came to the assistance of nature, it could not move on a small scale without degrading itself. What would statues of the usual size, or neat porches and wings have been, associated with those gigantic halls before which only Colossi could sit as watchmen, or lean on the pillars of the interior?

"The Gothic Church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees with all their boughs to a festal or solemn arcade, as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the bareness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods in a winter afternoon one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned in the colours of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forests. Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw, and plane still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its pine, its oak, its fir, its spruce."

But to return once more to our valley section, we have now to consider the last and most formidable of our regional types—that of the coal-miner, and the Industrial Age which he inaugurated.

As I have said, and a glance at the map will verify it, our coalfields have for the most part developed in what Professor Fleure calls regions of difficulty, on blank moor and barren hill-side, remote from the old cultural centres. If the coalfields had originally developed in the agricultural South, say Kent, for instance, instead of the barren North, the architectural history of this country for the last hundred years might have been entirely different. But, in addition to the isolation of the coal fields, coal mining was a new occupation. I believe that when the South Wales coal fields were first opened up, tin miners from Cornwall were imported to work them, and did so until a new generation of Welsh miners grew up and worked the mines themselves. But if the occupation of coal mining in this country was a new one, it quickly became of paramount importance, for until the discovery of electricity and the more recent application of oil to industry, coal was the greatest factor in our modern civilization.

The whole of the industrial prosperity of the 19th century was based on the use of cheap coal, and the coal miner became the dominant vocational type in our civilization. The emergence of the coal miner was followed by a rapid growth in the population—I believe that the population of Great Britain more than quadrupled itself between 1800 and 1900. This was only possible by the great and rapid accumulation of riches, and by greatly increased facilities of communication, all due to coal. Coal, iron and steel—railways—steamboats—industries—cheap food—cheap clothes—cheap buildings—an age of cheapness expressed by cheap architecture. If the Elizabethan age were an age of expansion by sea-wealth, the Victorian age was a period of expansion by coal-wealth. The architecture of the 19th century might scientifically be termed the architecture of the coal-mining period.

In comparing the two building periods of the Elizabethan and the Victorian, and the rapid expansion of society reflected in those buildings, it is interesting to note that when some 30 years or more ago the architectural and artistic conscience of England began to be disturbed, and to feel that all was not well with our coal-mining architecture, we did not turn at once to the agricultural models of mediæval or Georgian days for our renewal but to the sailor-expansionist models of Elizabethan times. Since then we have gone for architectural renewal to Tudor, Queen Anne and Georgian models in succession, with an occasional glance at French and Italian, and recently to Greek and Roman. It would appear that to-day everyone, architect and layman alike, is struggling to recapture both in our buildings and our furniture, some of the agricultural beauty of pre-Victorian days.

If the architect is anxiously searching for the traditional motive, the layman has become an anxious collector of old furniture. There have always been collectors of the antique, but to-day everyone seems to be a collector. The shop of the antique dealer is to be found in almost every town of any size throughout the country—but we no longer collect, or to a very limited extent, and then chiefly confined to easel pictures, the works of contemporaries. Disgusted with the artistic fatuities of the 19th century we are, as it were, seeking frantically to establish a better standard of taste, to gather round us a collection of beautiful objects that the next generation will possibly accept them as a matter of course, and will then with eyes trained by the work of the old masters give rein to the joy of creative effort.

In a perfectly healthy state of design one would not think overmuch as to tradition and precedent, but would rather execute one's various commissions in the vernacular of the day. But, we have not been living in a perfectly healthy time, and it appears to me that before there can be any generally accepted tradition, either in our architecture or in our furniture, we must have accustomed our eyes, and possibly the eyes of our descendants to the lines and features of good design, and this desire to collect old pieces of furniture for the interiors of our houses, and architectural motives for the exteriors is based on a very sound and vital principle. It is in effect a desire to obtain the best the past can give; to recapture some of the beauty and charm that we have lost in an age of industrialism and even at times though it results in a somewhat abjectly slavish copying, I do not think we need greatly distress ourselves. It is difficult to

believe that any style can be formed as a result of mere volition. We must have our eyes accustomed to good lines and sound traditions of craftsmanship, not for one generation but for several generations, before we can hope to express ourselves in a vital and living style.

If, socially, the problem that always confronts us is the conversion of the hunter, artistically the problem is the conversion of the coal-miner, and I believe that this conversion is rapidly taking place. In the early days of coal-mining, everything, including the housing of the miner, was of a temporary and makeshift character. The whole of the industrial portion of England (not to mention Scotland and Wales) was turned into one vast mining camp and the ideals of the mining camp—the temporary house, and the no less temporary, but rather more gaudily decorated drinking saloon—rapidly became the models of all our buildings.

If you would wish to take a typical development along the lines of the miners' camp, I cannot do better than refer you to the ribbon towns of the Rhondda Valley in South Wales. Here you see it all, rows of brick transfigured shacks, gaudily decorated saloons or gin-palaces, and as a counter attraction the scarcely less terrible efforts of the modern Welsh Chapels. For a long time it puzzled me as to why these Welsh Chapels were so bad architecturally—but I believe the answer is that they had to rival the attractions of the miners' saloon—and so we find them, not only in the industrial parts of Wales but in the agricultural centres as well—for the coal-miner as the dominant vocational type imposes his will on all—and not only in Wales but throughout England and Scotland.

Towards the end of the 19th century, we were rapidly becoming one vast mining camp from Land's End to John O' Groats. In the industrial regions, enormous tracts of what was once beautiful country, were covered with the sprawl and litter of the camp. Around London and the older towns, the ever growing population was housed in row after row of suburban shacks, vainly trying to disguise their miner origin in all kinds of architectural nonsense. One very striking characteristic of the inhabitants of our pre-war suburbs was the itch for change—at the end of every three years a great number of them pushed forward by the desire for change, or possibly the vain hope that the new shack would have more amenities than the old, moved from one suburban residence to another. This constant moving around created an atmosphere of instability in which it was impossible to properly develop either the love of home—meaning dwelling—or love of community—meaning town. In the past the old military camps gave us many a beautiful village and town—but they started with a definite sense of order, and if not permanent themselves they had within them the seeds of permanence—but the most striking feature of our mining camps is that they had no sense of order or organization—they were nothing but muddle.

During the whole of this industrial period we built with feverish energy—the energy of the miner—but with no joy in our building, and consequently no beauty. For the first time in the history of man "to build" was synonymous with "to spoil." Previously all buildings, or nearly all, whether the single cottage, or house, or the collected buildings forming village, small town or great city, were considered as an added amenity and attraction to the country-side. Then, to build was to beautify.

In the North, new towns sprang up with incredible rapidity—mushroom cities as they were called—though they might more aptly have been described as "Mining camp cities." The South did not suffer quite so much in comparison with the North—but only because in the South we build less; but here, also, the coal-miners' was the dominant influence. I should like to think that it was the old cultural centres that exercised a restraining influence on Southern architecture, but I am afraid such influence was very limited in extent. Even our Cathedral cities and cultural centres did not altogether escape the invasion of the miner-builder. The only places that did, were the dead towns and villages, as they were called, of the remote agricultural districts. Such towns as Rye, Sandwich, Winchelsea, and many others, which slumbered, more or less undisturbed through the 19th century, have now become places of pilgrimage for architectural renewal, to which the student goes with notebook and measuring rod, to wrest from them the secret of their serene and triumphant beauty.

One of the saddest results, because of its futility, to my mind, has been the spoliation of so many of our fishing villages and small sea-side towns, in the effort to secure them for retreats from the noise of industrialism. The modern history of one small fishing village, turned modern pleasure-town, is very like another in its tragic absurdity. First a few enlightened individuals discover its charm and go there for a holiday—they perhaps communicate their discovery to their friends, and year by year more people go, until some enterprising person puts up some enormous hotel, which is immediately followed by a rival establishment, and then come your rows and rows of hastily conceived villas (in recent years your more hastily conceived bungalows) until presently the few enlightened begin to rub their eyes, and to discover that their charming little fishing village no longer exists, or if it exists it is only as a small corner of still another mining camp.

Probably the most healthy sign for the future of architecture, or good building, is the ever growing dissatisfaction of the miner with the conditions under which he has to live. The enquiry into the conditions of housing in the mining areas and what it revealed, shortly after the close of the war, profoundly shocked the conscience of this country.

But if the miner is getting dissatisfied with his shack and wants a real house, he is getting no less dissatisfied with his mining towns—his jumbled collection of shacks and gin-palaces. The need for town planning, or town revision, is probably more keenly realized, as it is more urgently needed, in the industrial parts of England than anywhere else, and it must not be forgotten that Liverpool appointed a Professor of Town Planning at its University long before London.

The problem for the architect, and indeed for all of us, is to realize the best of the life that is going on around us, and to do this we must leave our studios

and offices, and in our civic and regional surveys attempt to understand the interplay of the various vocational types. We want more of the humanitarian and less of the academic about our work. When we, ourselves, become the channels of a throbbing and vital reality then, and then only, will our work live.

It is the great common movements of humanity that produce, or do not produce, great artistic periods, and it remains for the artists to note and give expression to such movements. Sometimes it takes the direction of centralized authority resulting in impressive monarchial institutions with all their traditions of pageant and splendor and the dominating importance of the individual expressed thereby, as, for example, in 18th century France and England. At other times we have the great upward surge of democracy resulting in localized and communal effort, the sinking of the individual interest for the common good, as, for example, in 5th century Athens, and as exemplified in the best mediæval work.

We see the same influence at work in the life of the city states of Italy during the earlier part of the Renaissance, though in a less marked degree; and I believe we are at the present time living on the threshhold of just such another period to-day in England. The individualistic ideals of the last century are rapidly giving way to those of a more communal and civic order.

I can imagine that in another generation we shall regard the person who expresses his individual pride in the building of a costly and luxurious private house, much as we regard the war profiteer of to-day—as one who if not exactly to be shunned, will be looked on a little critically. I can imagine that, as in the best period of Athenian civilization, the houses of the chiefs and leaders will differ very slightly, at any rate in size and in importance, from the houses of the people, and that what is saved both in money and energy will be lavished on public buildings for the enjoyment and benefit of the community as a whole.

In conclusion I should like to refer briefly to the post-war government housing schemes, as in these there seems to me to be the germ of a great hope for the future—that future which shall represent the artistic conversion of the miner, chiefly by the agency of settled housing conditions.

The whole question of housing since the War has become so mixed with bitter political controversy that it is a little difficult for us to take a fair view of it; we cannot see the wood for the trees, and some little time must elapse before we can get the right perspective. Amidst all the clamor and criticism directed at the Minister of Health, for all that has, and has not been done, in the way of providing houses, one aspect of the problem has largely escaped public attention—and that is the effect of what may be called the housing movement on the future art of this country. When the Great War finished, there was a general determination amongst us, that the men who fought and won the War, should have opportunities for fuller and richer lives, and as it was impossible to discriminate between those who had fought in the field and those who had served in the workshops and factories at home, it meant, in effect, that all men were to have these opportunities.

These ideas were current before the War, but the War crystallized them and gave them effect, and the first realization of these changes became apparent when the great problem of housing had to be faced. When the Ministry of Health issued their first Manuals on Housing, in which were laid down certain minimum standards as regards the houses and the disposition of houses, it, at once, became apparent that a great advance had been made on pre-war standards. Now it is not pretended that those who framed these regulations were moved by any great artistic considerations: Their problem was that of providing healthy and economical homes.

As we have seen, the average worker's house before the War was a thing of unmitigated horror. Rows upon rows of cheaply and tawdrily built villas aping in their wasteful excrescences of colored glass and distorted stone dressings the dreary habitations of the more superior suburbs. The contrast between them and even the worst of the houses erected under the Ministry of Health is great and instructive. Mounting prices and the need for rigid economy has lopped off the extraneous and hideous features beloved of the Speculative Builder. Gone are the colored lights to the front doors; gone the sham half-timber work to the unnecessary gables; and gone the stone and terra-cotta ornaments that adorned bay windows and porches in unnecessary reiteration from the end of one dull, long street to the beginning of another.

The Government houses have been described as brick boxes with lids on them, but even the most bald have something of that homely air that belongs to the old time cottage and farmhouse of our agricultural communities. It was a wise decision of the Government to make the various local authorities responsible for the carrying out of the schemes, rather than attempting to direct them from some centralized office. Control and direction there had to be; but the fact that for the first time in their history, the people of these Islands were to have a direct interest in the building of their own homes, is one fraught with a peculiar and far reaching significance.

Architects who are responsible for the execution of these schemes and for the technical work involved in the planning and building of these villages and small towns, for such in many cases they are, know that not the least intelligent or responsive of Local Authorities are those Councils chiefly composed of what, for want of a better word, is called "Labor," and some of the most responsive are those in the mining districts. They and their kinsfolk are to inhabit these houses, and their interests are direct and personal—they are building their own homes.

Now, it is axiomatic that before a man can be an efficient citizen he must, in some degree, be an efficient man, and it can safely be assumed that before anyone can take a general interest in the fine arts, he must take a particular interest in the art of his own home. And that is why the Government houses which are being built hold so much promise for the future. They are expressive of the needs and interests of humanity, and starting from this humble beginning, the awakened

interest which built them, will, I believe, grow progressively until we have not an academic, but a vital art, expressed in beautiful towns with fine streets and squares, adorned with real sculpture and magnificent buildings, the walls of which shall be rich with the glowing visions of great painters.

I have attempted to outline, however, inadequately, the influences of the various occupational types and of the regions which they inhabited, and to show they reacted the one on the other, and that it was to the interplay of these various types that we owed our finest architecture and our most beautiful towns.

For architects, more probably than for most people, the regional drama is a never-failing source of interest and inspiration. Its discovery and study cannot be much longer avoided.

Community Planning and Housing

CLARENCE S. STEIN, *Associate Editor*

Zoning—The Opposition Speaks

A wave of zoning is sweeping across the American Continent. City after city is adopting ordinances, regulating heights of buildings, nature and area of occupancy. In a helter-skelter way, they are rushing in and enacting, in many cases, laws which are slight modifications of the Zoning Resolution of the City of New York, which, at best, is but a compromise between conflicting interests in a vast and complicated metropolis. On this score, and for other valid reasons, there is room for opposition to zoning. There are, however, certain hoary sophistries adduced by those to whom zoning is anathema, to which quietus should be given for all time.

[1]A recent speech on zoning by a prominent Philadelphia banker is replete with specious argument. It is impossible to quote the address at length, but perhaps a few of his statements, with the corrolaries implied by their use as arguments against zoning, will suffice to show the type of reasoning referred to:

"It is the assumption of the Ordinance that high buildings are a detriment. No note is taken of the fact that for modern business they have become a necessity, and that for health they are much better than the old-fashioned buildings." Corollary: A high building is healthful, no matter how much of its light is blocked by others; any restriction of height means a low building; a low building is of necessity old-fashioned.

"The Zoning propaganda is symptomatic of a great reaction. Many Americans are growing tired of the moral responsibilities of freedom, of the respect for others' rights and the vindication of their own. Weary, they wish to lean against the State. Their mood is like that of Israel in the days of Samuel. They are turning away from the theocracy of liberty, which brought them out of their tribulations, and are beseeching the prophets of welfare to give them an absolute government like other nations." Corollary: The unrestricted development of real estate for speculative purposes, as practiced in the past, is an example of "the moral responsibility of freedom, of the respect for others' rights." Absolutism is the only alternative to anarchy.

"The next underlying assumption of Zoning is that the value which is taken from property owners goes to the benefit of the general public. This is unproved and in part, is evidently untrue." Corollary: Value is measured solely in terms of money.

"—if one district is degraded by a restricted use, the real estate therein already occupied by dwellings is depressed and part of its value taken away and added to the more favored areas." Corollary: Instead of restricting objectionable industry to districts where it already predominates, it is better to leave all sections open to "degradation" by the invasion of nuisances at the whim of any individual.

"But the middle and poorer classes are excluded from the Least Restricted Zone by the prohibition of the Ordinance and are precluded from the most favored zone by the expense. They are forced, therefore, into the Commercial and Industrial Areas. The only class which is really favored is the wealthy class, which is protected from the incursion of the poor, so that *the Ordinance really tends to stabilize the values of the rich at the expense of the poor.*" Corollaries: 1. A zone restricted to residences is of necessity one of high costs. 2. If no restrictions are imposed, the poor will be able to spread into the districts occupied by the rich. 3. Allowing the poor to live in neighborhoods where their health is endangered is a measure of protection to them.

After condemning zoning because modern zoning is of German origin and therefore autocratic and branded with the mark of the Hun, he quotes from William H. Dawson's "Municipal Life and Government in Germany" as follows: "A well-known German housing reformer, Dr. Stubben, of Berlin, said recently, 'The price we pay in Germany for the possession of the best planned towns in the world is the destruction of the home. High prices of land, high rents and high taxes prevent the building of small houses and lead to the erection of hugh barracks, with the result that the workman, like many others, seeks recreation not in his home, but in the public house. In the Rhineland there are found, owing to perverse building regulations, made to satisfy the requirements of building speculators, narrow courtyards without air or sun, frightful ventilation shafts, the ever dark landings, semi-dark rooms and other defects which are a parody on the simplest requirements of hygiene.'" Corollary: Unplanned towns tend to preserve the home. They result in low prices of land, low rents and taxes, encourage the

[1] The Principles of Zoning; being the substance of an address delivered before the Forum of the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Banking, March 21, 1923, by William P. Gest, President of the Fidelity Trust Company, Philadelphia.

building of small houses, prevent the erection of huge barracks, with the result that the workman eschews the public house. In unplanned towns, building speculators are disregarded in the making of building regulations, courtyards are airy and sunny, landings and rooms light, hygiene perfect!

It is not to be inferred from the above that the speech raises no valid questions of the advisability of Zoning. The adoption of a bureaucratic measure is always fraught with a degree of danger. But no cause is aided by making a host of statements based on slovenly logic.

E. H. KLABER.

City Planning Law

In "The Law of City Planning and Zoning,"[1] Mr. Frank B. Williams has undertaken the task of dealing with American and foreign city planning legislation in a systematic and comparative way. He has included the legislation, in whole or in part, of the United States, Canada, England, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and of Sweden, and he has at least touched upon some aspects of planning in Denmark, Austria, and Switzerland, as well as in New Zealand, Australia, India and Japan.

Mr. Williams begins with defining the scope of city planning and its "fundamentals," gives a chapter on "the planning of the city as a whole," dwells upon the acquiring of land and on methods of condemnation and of replotting, deals more briefly with "public utilities," streets, traffic regulations, occupies himself at great length with the subject of zoning, discusses the means of city planning finance, devotes a substantial chapter to "planning for the promotion of beauty," and concludes by expounding the laws of city planning administration.

Throughout the book, numerous quotations are scattered, and many statutes and regulations, American and foreign, have been wholly or partly reprinted, notably with regard to excess condemnation, zoning, planning for the promotion of beauty and city planning administration. There is appended an extensive bibliography, tables of statutes, index of "cases" and of statutes, and an excellent general index.

The very commendable care with which the work has been indexed accords well with its general stamp of scientific solidity. Of course, the value of a work like this, covering so complex and vast a subject, fundamentally depends on this quality, and "The Law of City Planning and Zoning" certainly answers the highest conceivable standards.

The particular usefulness of the work will presumably be to constitute a handbook for "laymen" rather than for lawyers. So well does the work answer this purpose that it should be warmly recommended to those who are engaged in the practice of city planning, to city officials and planning commissioners, and to all who wish to widen their knowledge regarding urban development and its problems. The book is no mere analytic treatise or array of "facts"; it is, for a considerable part, interestingly subjective, critical and discussive. For instance, when the author enters upon the matter of the New York Zoning Law, he becomes very frank about it, and one reads with no small satisfaction the following passage: "Under the New York resolution over large areas in Brooklyn, buildings can be constructed to a height equal to one and a half times the width of the street on which they abut; which on a typical sixty-foot street is the equivalent of eight or nine stories. Most of the areas where this rule applies are now developed with three or four-story buildings. Nowhere, in a city with vast areas still undeveloped, is a height limit imposed less than the equivalent of once the street width; with the right to go higher if a setback is made. Restrictions like these, which no one wishes to exceed, are not in fact restrictions at all."

The great importance which zoning has assumed of late in this country is reflected in the fact that more than one-fourth of the book has been devoted to this phase of planning. In the opinion of the reviewer, Mr. Williams might have served a useful purpose by laying special stress on the palliative nature of zoning, as applied to built-up areas. It is mainly in such applications that zoning has so far become extensively utilized in America. And is it not true that in many instances zoning has been applied as if it were an end in itself? If so, it has perhaps some connection with the circumstance that the method of zoning has been widely advertised as constituting, above all, an excellent means of conserving, and even developing, land values.

Is such zoning "real city planning"—as Mr. Williams maintains? One feels inclined to doubt it and wonders whether it is not rather to be classified with the rest of those regulations under the police power which restrict merely for the purpose of making bad conditions more endurable without ever touching upon the fundamentals of city planning.

In truth, real city planning, it seems, is something of which we have seen very little so far. Small wonder when it is considered to what an extent the aims of city planning, as a community interest, are contrary to other ends,—ends regarded by many as more desirable. To enlist the support of those who seek these other ends it has been deemed necessary to make city planning an object of advertising. That might be harmless, if it were true that anything can be commercialized with impunity.

Fortunately, Mr. Williams is not among those who argue for city planning from the viewpoint of its being "good business." To him, as to many, it recommends itself as something that we could not dispense with even if the outlay, which it is bound to involve, were more in the nature of a sacrifice than of an investment. As a matter of fact, city planning, if judicially carried out, can scarcely fail to bring economic profit along with social benefit.

However, what are the prospects of "judicious city planning" in the present age, when cities have been allowed to develop into hotbeds of economic exploitation? As long as such conditions prevail city planning in the social sense seems out of the question. There will be in the future, as in the past, on one hand the planning of the so-called public features, such as the streets, lines of communication, parks, sewers, harbors; and, on the other

[1] "The Law of City Planning and Zoning," Frank Backus Williams. Macmillan, New York City, 1922.

hand, the multiplying of ordinances, statutes, regulations, and restrictions, designed to make conditions at least in some measure more tolerable by preventing the worst excesses of private enterprise. Such is, in the main, city planning as practised at present, quite particularly in America.

Of this there is ample evidence in "the Law of City Planning and Zoning" which indeed one cannot read without realizing the obstacles that still prevent American city planning in particular, from developing into a veritable agency of service to urban communities. More promising, in a measure, is the outlook in some foreign countries, and therefore it seems fortunate that Mr. Williams has allotted much space to city planning in Europe. Thus, European housing legislation has also, to some extent, received his attention. Altogether too little, however, in the judgment of the reviewer, who, unlike Mr. Williams, is unable to separate housing from city planning. In fact, the author, on page five, defines his position with regard to this matter in formulating the opinion that "for the good of both, housing and city planning as sciences should remain distinct." While respecting the opinion, the reviewer is not convinced that this distinction has benefited Mr. Williams' book.

"The subject of housing," says H. V. Lanchester, "is fundamental in Town Planning—one can conceive a town without almost anything—except houses." If this be true, housing can scarcely be dealt with merely as a secondary matter, in a comprehensive work on city planning law, without detracting, in some degree, from its value.

Yet even those who give to city planning the broader interpretation which includes what to them seems fundamental, will agree that the author of "The Law of City Planning and Zoning" has produced a very remarkable work. In one sense it is a pioneer production, constituting, as far as I am aware, the first systematic, comparative study covering the subject so extensively. It contains a wealth of information, set forth with the accuracy, lucidity and conciseness which we have had reason to admire in Mr. Williams' earlier publications. The text, always readable, is frequently enlivened by argumentative passages, not a few of which are brilliant.

NILS HAMMARSTRAND.

The Cellarless House

Wasteful Areas of the Small House and a Suggested Solution

By J. T. TUBBY

Present housing conditions require no discussion of the need for simplified and more economical construction methods. To meet the situation we have reduced the areas of the rooms to a minimum and ,in many cases, combined the living room and dining room. To further reduce the cost we must resort to cheaper materials, unskilled workmanship and the elimination of all fixtures not absolutely essential. This may mean that while the first cost is kept down, the maintenance cost is increased. Building and fire codes frequently require a type of construction which does not permit of entire economy in the choice of materials and the question returns to one of area and cubage.

A comparison of the total cubage of the conventional small house plan and the net volume of the usable rooms shows the following facts to be the case:

Figure 1 is a typical six-room house, recommended by the United States Shipping Board. The total cubage is 16,470 cubic feet. The cubic contents of the usable rooms taken inside the walls are as follows:

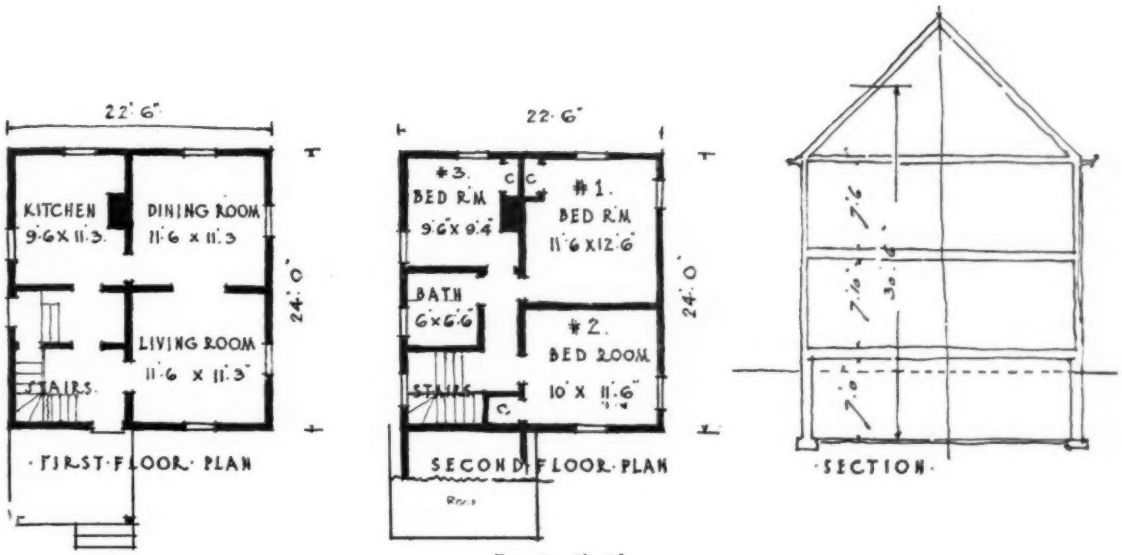
Kitchen	837 cu. ft.
Living room	1,013 cu. ft.
Dining room	1,013 cu. ft.
Bed room No. 1	1,078 cu. ft.
Bed room No. 2	862 cu. ft.
Bed room No. 3	665 cu. ft.
Bath room	292 cu. ft.
Total	5,760 cu. ft.

The volume of the usable rooms amounts to only 35 per cent of the total cubage. The remaining 65 per cent is made up of halls, stairs, closets, chimney, walls, partitions, roof, attic and cellar.

This is not an unusual case, for the average percentage of usable volume to total cubage compared as above, of fifteen prize designs for small houses recently published is only 34 per cent. These designs range from bungalows with excavated cellars under one-half the area to two-story houses with full cellars. Some are shown with masonry outside walls; others are of frame construction. The roofs range from flat to steep sloping types. A two-story six-room house with brick walls had but 29.9 per cent usable volume. The highest, 38.8 per cent, was a two-story house with a cellar under one-half the area and a low roof.

While we actually *use* only about one-third of the volume *built,* we must admit that the halls, stairs, closets, walls, chimneys, partitions, floors and an assumed flat roof are necessary parts. These are variable factors, depending in percentage upon the economy of the plan. For the average small house this will be found to make up about 23 per cent of the total cubage. The usable and necessary volume then represents 35 per cent plus 23 per cent or 58 per cent of the cubage and the remaining 42 per cent is given up to cellar and attic space, foundation walls and roof construction.

To keep the small house in scale and to give it domestic character, the first floor is usually placed as near the grade level as possible. As a result it is difficult prop-



FIGS. 1a, 1b, 1f.

erly to light and ventilate the cellar. The air in a deep cellar tends to become stagnant, since the cool air falls to the floor and no provision is made to move it. Moisture frequently condenses on the walls and floors due to the air being chilled below its dew point. The cellar of the small house may thus be damp, mouldy and decidedly unsanitary, even though the walls and floors are waterproof as regards penetration.

The cubage of several cellars, recently investigated, indicates that if this volume were planned as compactly to meet actual needs as the floors above it, cellars could be reduced about 75 per cent in volume. This space at present is given over to storage purposes. The use of a small inexpensive lean-to above grade would serve more efficiently with the added advantages of light, air, ventilation and partial insulation for house walls.

Since the cellar represents about one-fifth of the total cubage of the house and may be classed as partly unusable for the conventional house, it would form the basis of a substantial saving if it were properly redesigned. The cost of the cellar may be reduced by making the area a minimum to meet the practical requirements and its depth only sufficient to place the foundation below the frost line. In doing the latter, the light, air and ventilation have been immeasurably improved and the depth of trenches for house sewer and surface water drain lines has been decreased.

When the cellar area is eliminated the practical problem of cold first floors is involved. There are two solutions. A space of two or three feet may be left under the first tier of joists or a bed of tile or concrete may be laid on the ground, waterproofed and covered with sleepers and the finished flooring.

The first method requires that ventilation be provided to prevent dry rot attacking the timbers. This cold outside air tends to chill the floor. In the usual house a large opening is frequently left between the excavated cellar and the space under the joists over the unexcavated portion in the attempt to counteract this. This unexcavated space, seldom properly cleaned, becomes more or less of a fire hazard.

It has been the contention that floors laid as in the second method are cold. While this may be true, an investigation of the reason leads to the conclusion that the poorly insulated exposed walls are responsible for this condition and not the floors laid on the earth.

Physicists say that the ground below the cellar floor remains at practically constant temperature throughout

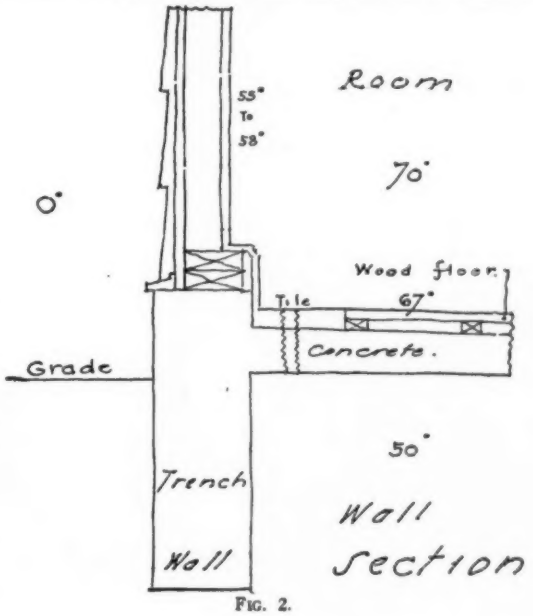
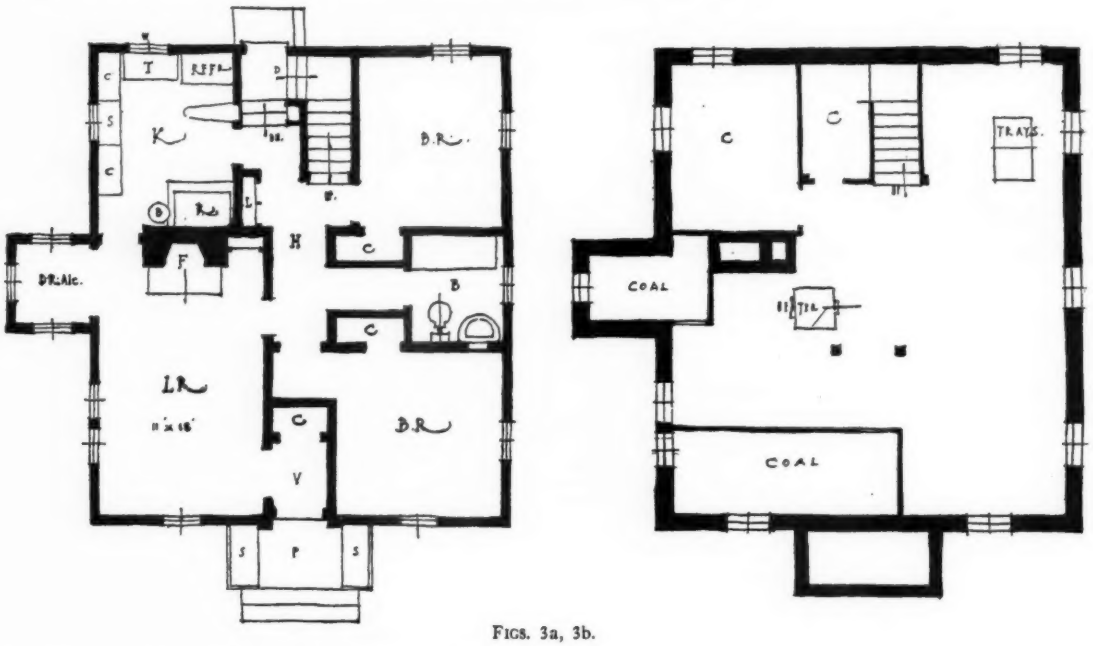


FIG. 2.

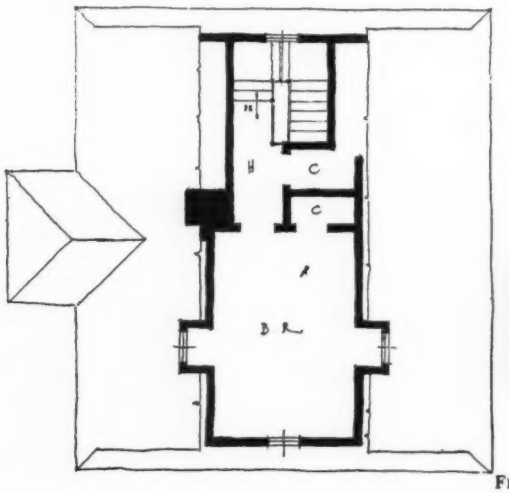


FIGS. 3a, 3b.

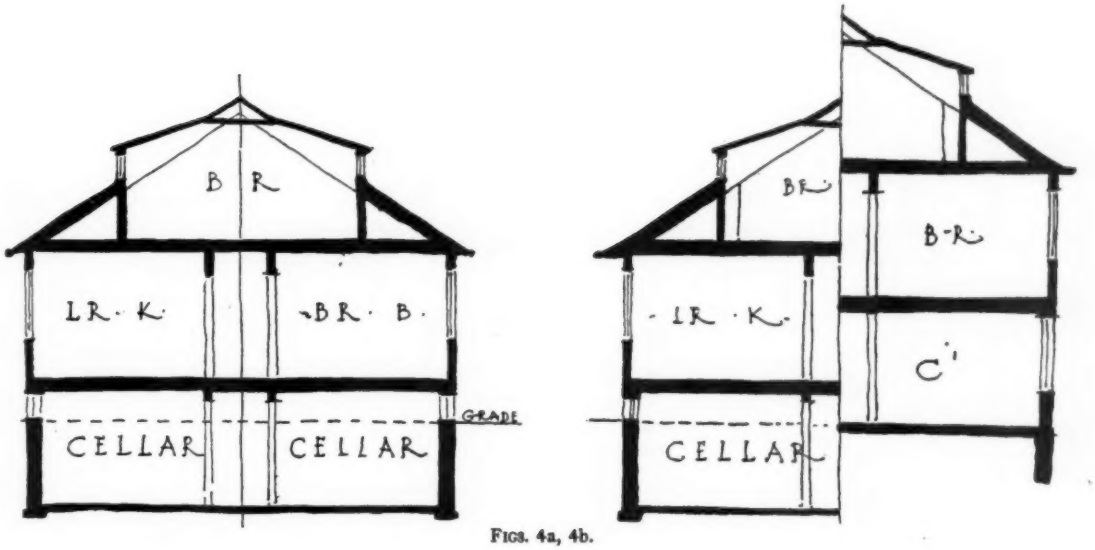
the year. This temperature is found to be close to the mean annual temperature of the locality. In the latitude of New York City, this ground is said to vary from 48 degrees in winter to 52 degrees in summer.

A wall section adjacent to a floor laid on the ground is shown in Fig. 2. With temperatures of 70 degrees for the room, 50 degrees average for the earth, and zero outside, there is a difference of 20 degrees in temperature between the room and the earth, and 70 degrees between the room and the outside air. Calculations of the conductivity of various building materials, taken singly or in combination, indicates that an outside wall constructed of studs, wood sheathing, sheathing paper, siding and plaster will have a temperature of about 58 degrees under the above conditions. The inside temperature at a window will be considerably lower and we may predict an average temperature of not over 55 degrees for the exposed wall. The predicted temperature at the floor a few feet from the outside wall is 67 degrees.

The cold draught passing over the floor, caused by the air falling to the floor after being chilled by the outside wall, is thus seen to be a more satisfactory explanation of the cold floor than the chilling of the



FIGS. 3c, 3d.



FIGS. 4a, 4b.

floor itself by contact with the earth. Such being the case, must we not direct our attention to the insulation of this exposed wall, and especially the lower portion, which offers a more difficult practical problem in insulation than does the floor?

The fact that cold entering the ground outside the foundation walls may chill the walls and floors adjacent to them would apparently warrant the consideration of some form of protection outside the wall at grade. An outside walk or shrubbery which would retard frost penetration would be a possible solution and might even permit of shallower foundations.

There is room here for much research and possibly the development of a satisfactory method of insulating the walls at reasonable cost. Since the conductivity of materials is less when dry than when wet, it is important that the floors and walls be made damp-proof. It seems probable that wall insulation may reduce our cellar waste.

Reduction in the cellar area and depth also involves the problem of the heating system. Recent tests to determine the practicability of grouping hot water radiators around a central heater instead of placing them under the windows may have some bearing on the problem.

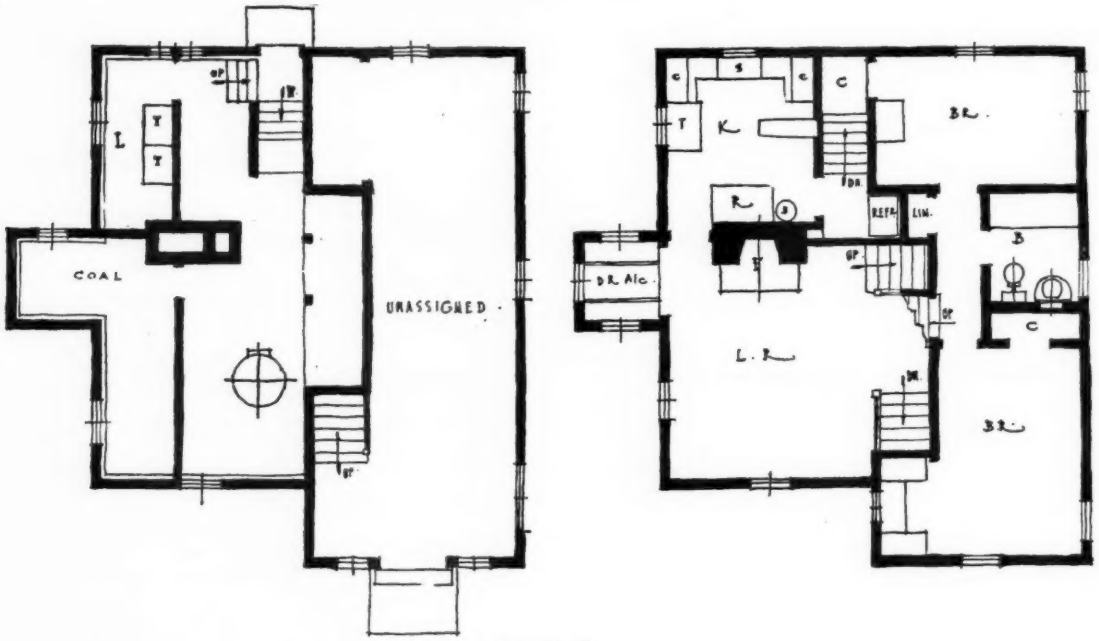
The attic which forms less than half of the unused space is the hottest portion of the house in summer, and cold in winter, if completely cut off from the second story. The temperature of this space changes very rapidly in the winter especially. At night and in the early morning it may be very cold, but later in the day the temperature becomes moderate due to the heat from the sun warming the roof. Insulating the floor of this space should effect a saving of considerable heat loss due to a cold attic. The insulating effect of a blanket of snow on a flat roof is not to be neglected. This probably accounts for the use of comparatively flat roofs in Switzerland. The flat roof would permit a further reduction in cubage by practically eliminating useless space above the usable rooms.

The plan of a typical bungalow with an exceedingly wasteful cellar is shown in Figure 3. Figure 4-A is a section through this house as planned. If this section is divided vertically on the axis and one-half is raised to bring the cellar floor level with the grade, a condition as shown in Figure 4-B will result. There is no necessity for having the floor, of the cellar remaining in the ground, more than three feet below the grade. If this half of the section is then raised until this condition is met and the roof lines are straightened out, the resulting section is seen in Figure 5. This is a compromise between the conventional arrangement and the entire elimination of the cellar and may serve as an intermediate step to the full cellarless house.

An advantage not possessed by the average bungalow is that the bed rooms are now a full story above the ground. Instead of a full flight of steps from the living rooms to the bed rooms or cellar, there is now a half flight only. The cellar has become a mere sanitary basement with adequate light, air and ventilation.

The additional cross wall required is more than compensated for by the reduced height of the basement walls

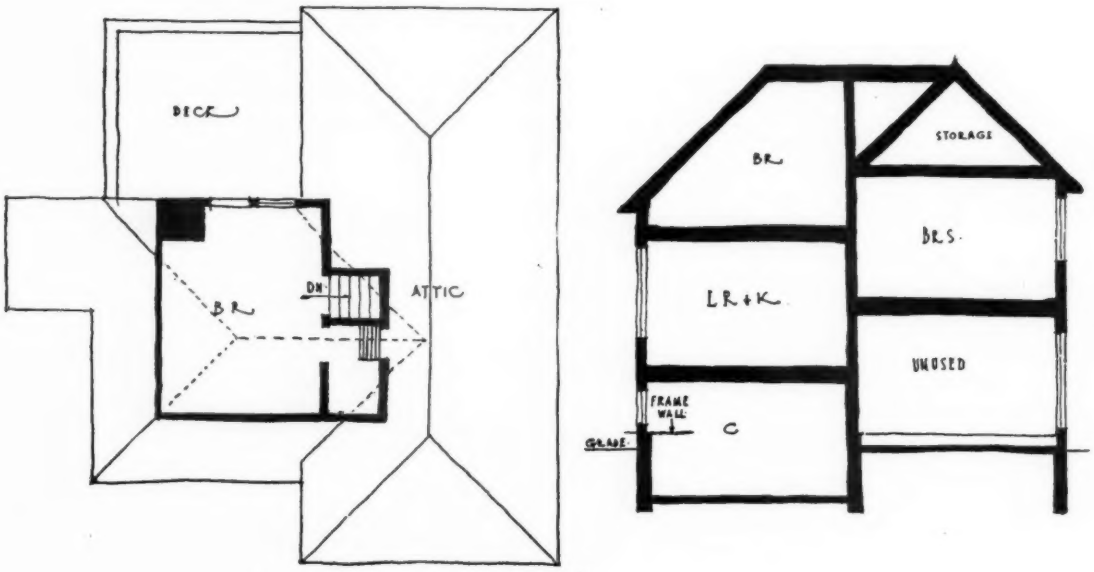
FIG. 5d.



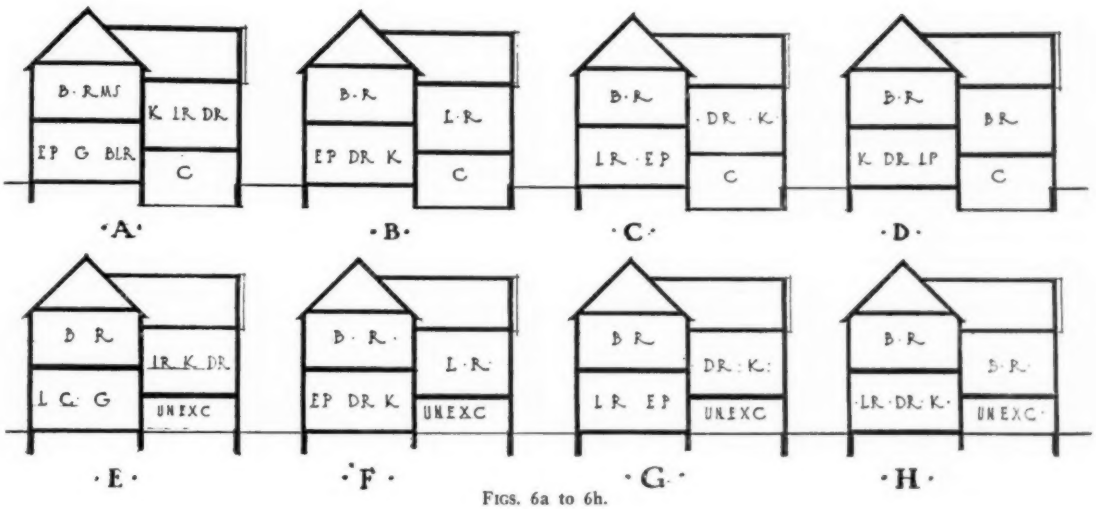
FIGS. 5a, 5b.

and excavation saved. With suitable soil conditions, the basement walls will require forms on one side only below grade and those around the unexcavated area can be concrete trench walls. The drain lines starting about 3 feet below grade will save the cost of deep trenches.

Necessary differences in areas and accommodations make it difficult to compare the bungalow shown in Fig. 3 with the half-level plan. The plan shown in Figure 5 was developed to provide as nearly as possible the same areas, story heights, and exposures, as the bungalow plan Fig. 3. A careful comparison of quantities indicates that the half-level plan, not including certain incidental economies, effects a saving of about 13 per cent over the conventional bungalow.



FIGS. 5c, 5e.



FIGS. 6a to 6h.

The space marked "C," originally a dark, ill ventilated cellar and a partial, if not totally wasted area now at grade level can be put to a variety of uses, such as hall, garage, billiard room, play room, workshop, office, plant room, enclosed porch, or laundry.

Many other advantages are apparent upon making a careful study of a house based upon the plan shown in Fig. 5. The roof lines can be broken to obtain an interesting composition without destroying the scale. The design lends itself to narrow widths with resulting economy in framing. No outside frame porches, dormer windows or areas for cellar windows are required. Roughing in for plumbing, heating and electric wiring is simplified. The economy of this plan is immediately recognized for localities where rock excavation is encountered.

The questionable value of the large cellar involves a study of the house in cross-section rather than in plan. Figure 6 serves to indicate a few of the possible room dispositions. By a careful planning of the stairs and halls in houses of this type, the usable volume can be increased to 45 per cent of the total cubage, instead of the conventional 35 per cent. Even if such were not the case there is much to be said in its favor as respects its use on land too wet for the usual deep cellar. It also gives a more sanitary basement.

The cubage can be still further reduced by the use of mill construction floors. The additional cost of this type over joist construction is more than offset by the saving of 8 inches to 10 inches in the height of the walks.

In southern England where the range of temperature is about one-half that of the latitude of New York City, cellars are seldom built, windows are small, thick masonry walls are used and many of the roofs are thatched. These buildings are ideally insulated and the heating requirements are met by the inefficient fireplace. In Russia and other cold countries the walls are insulated with snow or other materials placed around the outside. In Canada the log houses are frequently built without foundations and the floor boards laid on sleepers, placed directly upon the ground. In winter the outside walls are insulated by banking them with branches of trees, manure, straw and dry earth.

Of the cellarless houses built in the United States, those designed by Mr. Flagg and built on Dongan Hills are worthy of special attention. The walls are faced with an excellent insulator in the form of mineral talc, a kind of soapstone, obtained from a nearby quarry. This stone forms a 4-inch to 6-inch ashlar facing backed with concrete. Before starting the outside walls a coat of damp-proofing on a bed of concrete is placed on the ground under the entire house. The houses are heated by small hot-water systems.

The author holds no brief for either the cellarless or the half-level plan and desires only to stimulate research into methods of simplifying present construction. It is an acknowledged fact that ordinary heating systems are not economical in fuel consumption. If, by properly insulating the outside walls and eliminating waste cellar and attic space, we can reduce the size of the heating plant, with a corresponding reduction in fuel used, we will have done much toward reducing both first cost and maintenance charges.

Is not the conclusion forced upon the architect that the limit of study of the small house in two dimensions has probably been reached and that in a study of cross sections may be the possibility of greater economies?

London Letter

The election of the Royal Institute of British Architects for the session 1923-4 is decided, and the covers of the Architectural Press no longer bulge with the heated correspondence emanating from the rival factions of Registrationists and Unificationists. Not for many years have politics so completely dominated the more important interests which it is the duty of the Institute to foster, and the semi-public washing of doubtful architectural

linen has left the looker-on aghast at the unpleasant possibilities of a permanent party spirit entering into what should be the dignified election of a high professional body. Incidentally there are many who are frankly bored by the whole proceeding, and who begin to wonder if it is for the promotion of internecine strife that they pay their annual dues.

The party which was in favor of the registration of architects without prior unification of the profession has been defeated *en bloc,* by a huge majority, and most of the familiar names of distinguished architects are back again on the Council List. Each unsuccessful candidate of the retiring so-called "Defence" Council received on an average 500 less votes than the "Emergency Committee's" nominees, and the exceptionally large poll showed that the electorate was fully roused.

* * * *

With the retiring Council will be associated a suggestion which has provided abundant matter for caricaturists and lovers of gentle persiflage, namely the proposal for the adoption by members of the Institute of an academic dress.

A resolution approving in principle the wearing of gowns and hoods has actually been passed, and various suggestions, many of a light and fantastic nature, have been made as to the sartorial possibilities which are opened up. Astrachan collars and cigars have been suggested as suitable for successful City architects, while tight-fitting trousers and short Eton jackets are recommended for some of the more venerable Fellows.

The lay press generally points out the fact that the present tendency is to eliminate such distinctions in dress, and that for the real robes of modern life we must look to those who wear them daily, as a Bishop wears his gaiters. Probably the whole question will die a natural death—and there will be no flowers!

* * * *

The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House has provided little that offers encouragement for any hope that English architects are throwing off the yoke of precedent and the forms of tradition. The place of honor is given to a fine drawing of a building by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the offices of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.[1] The design shows what resembles a magnificent and cliff-like structure having the outward expression of an Italian Renaissance Palace which has not been quite completed—with all the charm which rugged surface and small fenestration so often produces. The windows appear to be inadequate for the lighting of offices, and one feels regret that the talent of such an able artist should not be directed towards the solving of the problem which the designing of the modern office building presents.

There are many fine architectural perspectives, the technique of which, in the "slick" and popular manner of the moment has often greater claim to attention than the designs which are represented. As one critic stated, the drawings of Mr. Walcot make Baker look like Lutyens, and Lutyens look like Baker. The smaller work is generally good, and the more ambitious designs merely strive to reach that perfection of the Renaissance manner which has for some time been attained in America. For the much coveted site of Devonshire House there is an able design for an office building which might have stepped out of the pages of an American architectural magazine. In the whole room there is scarcely a design which adds anything to our knowledge of what is possible to a well-trained architectural mind with a definite problem to solve.

* * * *

The American Scholarship, offered by the Society of Architects, and previously alluded to in these pages, has been awarded to an ex-student of Manchester University, Mr. Cordingley, who has the honor of winning, a few days later, the Rome Scholarship in Architecture. It is quite possible that this American Scholarship, awarded for the first time, will prove of greater attraction and utility than that of the Rome Faculty, which appears to frown on any desire of the architectural student to attempt a modern expression in design. The designs successful in the Rome Competition present as a rule a monotonous re-hash of French Grand Prix plates, the earlier examples for choice.

* * * *

There has recently been a noticeable increase in the number of important architectural competitions. The entry for these is astonishingly large, there being frequently from 100 to 150 competitors for a comparatively small building. The assessing is almost invariably carried out by one architect, and the competitors generally flavor their designs to taste, this meritable catering to the assessor being the cause of the almost complete absence of any designs which form an original architectural conception. We understand that the question of a Jury of Assessors presents such difficulties that the Competitions Committee of the R. I. B. A. have declined to express any opinion as to the desirability or otherwise of the Jury system. The real trouble, however, seems at present to lie in the scarcity in the profession of trained men who can regard the competitors' work through other than the individual eye.

* * * *

The Crown Prince of Sweden recently paid an unofficial visit to the Schools of the Architectural Association, with the object of examining English methods in architectural education. The Prince displayed a familiarity with architectural matters which was astounding and his queries revealed an almost professional pertinence. He was greatly impressed with the results of the teaching of Color Decoration, particularly the originality and freedom which is supplanting slavish copyism of the antique. He alluded to the great progress in modern architecture recently evidenced in his own country by such buildings as the new Town Hall in Stockholm, which has been described by a well-known English architect as one of the finest buildings in the world.

* * * *

Two years ago, in November, 1921, there was formed in Paris a group called the Franco-British Union of Architects. Under the Presidency of M. Paul Léon, Directeur des Beaux-Arts, a number of English architects

(1) See the JOURNAL for July, 1923.

who were attending a conference on architectural education in Paris decided to associate themselves with their French colleagues with the idea of promoting a closer personal relationship between the architects of the two countries, with the object of benefiting education and methods of practice in both countries. At the present moment the Union is holding its third annual meeting in London, and the program shows the importance which the Union is beginning to assume.

The French delegates are visiting Buckingham Palace by special permission of the King, and are being entertained at luncheon by the British Government, the first official recognition of the significance of this international group of architects. Amongst other items for the visitors' entertainment are a tour of the new buildings being erected for the 1924 British Empire Exhibition, and a visit to Lansdowne House, at present the residence of Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

The Union is a remarkable example of post-war solidarity and understanding between professional men at a time when the quality of political relationship is being tested to the limits of severity.

July, 1923. "X."

From Our Book Shelf

The Dynamic Mr. Eberlein

In "Details of the Architecture of Tuscany," photographs and text by Harold Donaldson Eberlein, and measured drawings by Oliver Reagan, the authors have presented a work "replete with suggestive value and exquisite subtilty of detail." Mr. Eberlein is favorably known from a number of works that have been compiled and written by him in rapid succession during the past few years. While some of these books have been intended for general distribution and reading, the present work will appeal almost wholly to architects. The halftone and line plates are about equally divided and supplement each other. Without Mr. Reagan's superb drawings and the invaluable data compiled with sure hand and keen appreciation of the subtle contours of moulding and ornament, the book would merely be one more addition to the long list of plates on Italian Detail. It is fascinating to study the photographs and the measured drawings side by side and see how the genius of Brunelleschi animates the stones of Florence into vital form. "On reeds dropped from the hands of dead Pan the artists of this period, each in his own sphere piped ditties of romance."

These details make one understand with what loving care and scientific accuracy the citizens of Florence made preparation to build their stately houses. Mr. Reumont says that Fillipo Strozzi took very seriously the erection of his most beautiful dwelling, "the foundation stone was laid in the morning of August 16, 1489, at the moment when the sun arose above the summit of the Casentino, the hour prescribed by astrologers as propitious had been settled by the horoscope, masses meanwhile were said in several churches, and alms distributed."

Of the one hundred and six plates in this volume, ninety-two are devoted to Florence, three each to Fiesole, Lucca, and Siena, two to Arezzo, and three to typical details of chimney pots, brick floors, and tile roofs. There is a frontispiece in color of the ceiling in the Villetta Palmieri, and the plates are divided into groups illustrating loggias, mantels, stairs, doors, windows, balustrades, woodwork, ironwork, etc.

Of the loggias, no finer examples could be imagined for grace and sweetness than those of San Lorenzo, Santa Croce, and the picturesquely beautiful Villetta Palmieri. Two of these are by Brunelleschi and the Villetta must also have been by him, or at least one of his pupils, for it is strangely like San Lorenzo. Of interest for their detail are the brick ceilings supported on light wooden beams, the roof tiles resting directly on the bricks. A separate plate shows the roof tiles, their shapes and sizes, and the simplicity of the flashing arrangements. The roof rafters are seldom more than 4" x 6", about 14" x 15" on centres on which the bricks are laid flat and the tiles bedded in cement.

The fireplace in the kitchen of the Villetta Palmieri has a very suave niche with a beautifully wrought shell in its inner jamb, and more remarkable still, its high stone lintel is less than 2" thick. The drawing room mantel has a most intriguing Latin inscription in the frieze, the lintel in this case being slightly thicker. A corner fireplace of the Villa Palmieri illustrates how this feature, often abhorrent through unskilful handling, may be so fashioned as to become a thing of wondrous charm. Mr. Reagan's drawings make these details actualities that may be understood.

A few types of stairs are wisely chosen. A chaste iron balustrade of monastic simplicity, an example or two in stone with softly rounded contours, all forceful, direct, and characteristic of the period of Florentine Renaissance, a time that was marked by the luxuriance of creative power, when all the arts were ablaze with the riotous fancy of exuberant youth. Many details of the Villa Palmieri are shown and it requires but little imagination to picture Boccaccio and Filomena leaning out of a window gazing at the vineclad hills of Fiesole, picking asphodels on the terrace, or weaving a crown of jasmine for the Queen chosen to rule over the doings of their company for the day.

One of the most romantic subjects illustrated is the thirteenth century doorway of the Loggia Dei Lanzi with its superb lintel. Mr. Reagan's drawing of this is particularly fine and inspiring, and worthily supplements the photograph. The marvelous carved wooden doors of the Uffizzi give quite a different impression of the genius of Pere Georgio Vasari than we had previously assigned to him, while the view of the doorway in the Via di Benci is particularly picturesque with its rich shadows and noble air of dignity. Plates illustrating ironwork, rustication and stone jointing (these latter being most valuable and worthy of painstaking study), woodwork, and paneling inlaid with intarsia, a wellhead, gate posts of a severely fantastic acuteness and many other diverse details, all clearly set forth and illustrated by both photographs and measured drawings, make up a book "valuable for its intimate constructional interest."

The early work of the Renaissance architects in Tuscany, while lacking some of the perfection of their successors, is characterized by a freedom in the use of forms

and a naive adaptation of Roman precedent, which, while restrained and in the manner of its prototypes, is unlike anything that the world had ever seen before. The use of these forms in recent work in the United States seems to indicate that the present tendency of certain distinguished architects is to develop along the lines followed by Brunelleschi, Alberti, Benedetto da Majano, Michellozzo, and Filarete, while Nicola and Giovanni Pisano, Giotto and Orcagna have furnished inspiration to others. The work of these masters is uniformly sincere, original, and vigorous, full of imagination and creative power.

> The best of artists hath no thought to show
> Which the rough stone in its superfluous shell
> Doth not include: to break the marble spell
> Is all the hand that serves the brain can do.

"Details of the Architecture of Tuscany" presents certain material of this period in an attractive and accessible form.

HUBERT G. RIPLEY.

Set going about 1620, by the genius of Inigo Jones and Wren, the Renaissance or Classic has submerged England ever since; ebbing and flowing in quality, but always strong enough to swamp any Gothic or vernacular revival. Carried by this flood, but not of it, were the Adams brothers. It is easy in our day of hankering for change, to see how the British public, tired of ponderous Blenheim and the like, welcomed these refined, "decorator" architects, and for the day, they were very much the vogue. But with their passing, passed their school, and the Classic rolled back; real architecture again, Chambers with Somerset House, Gandon with the beautiful Dublin Customs House and Bank of Ireland, George Dance with Newgate.

[1]Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period and its second volume are concerned chiefly with the Adam influence, and with its best exponent, the small house. The first volume is largely exteriors and the second volume, interiors and measured drawings. Although the influence of these brothers has been most felt in their interior details, perhaps their highest value to the profession is in the repression and refinement of their façades, where the columns, pilasters and ornament are concentrated in the pòrticos, and the elevation depends, for its charm, mainly on proportion and simple openings.

There was no great skill required to adapt the ornamental plaster of the tombs on the Appian Way to the drawing rooms of London; the old Roman stuff was better modeled and in infinitely greater variety. It was difficult to use this on the exterior, so they left it off, to the great benefit of the streets and squares of London a century ago. The brothers deserve credit for sticking to and refining their motive. It is not often their interiors reached the dignity and elegance of the smoking room of the Brooks Club (Plate 36); more often it is the uninspired effect of the Bedford Square drawing-room (Plate 12), and the overmantel in Plate 11. However, they made great use of plain wall surfaces and for this, may they rest in peace. Much which passes as Adam, hard or effeminate, is doubtless weak repetition by their followers.

New England Colonial owes much to this period; its delicate wood mantels and porticos are often worthy of the Master. Messrs. Ramsey and Harvey have gotten together, in convenient form, much well-selected matter not often seen, nicely balanced between photographs and measured drawings. H. S.

[1] Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period, by Stanley C. Ramsey and J. D. M. Harvey.

The Second Pan-American Congress of Architects

It is announced that the Second Pan-American Congress will meet 10-20 September at Santiago, Chile. It will consider many important questions bearing on the profession of Architecture in its technical, scientific, artistic, legal and social aspects. Subscribers to the Congress will receive its publications. The fee for active membership, entitling visitors to all privileges, including the right to vote, is one pound sterling. The passive membership fee is ten shillings, and, with the exception of voting, includes all privileges along with a printed report of the proceedings. The President of the Congress is Ricardo Larrain Bravo; the General Secretary is Ricardo Gonzáles C., and the address of the Secretary is: Bolsa de Comercio Of. 307, Bandera, 75, Santiago de Chile.

Obituary

William Holabird

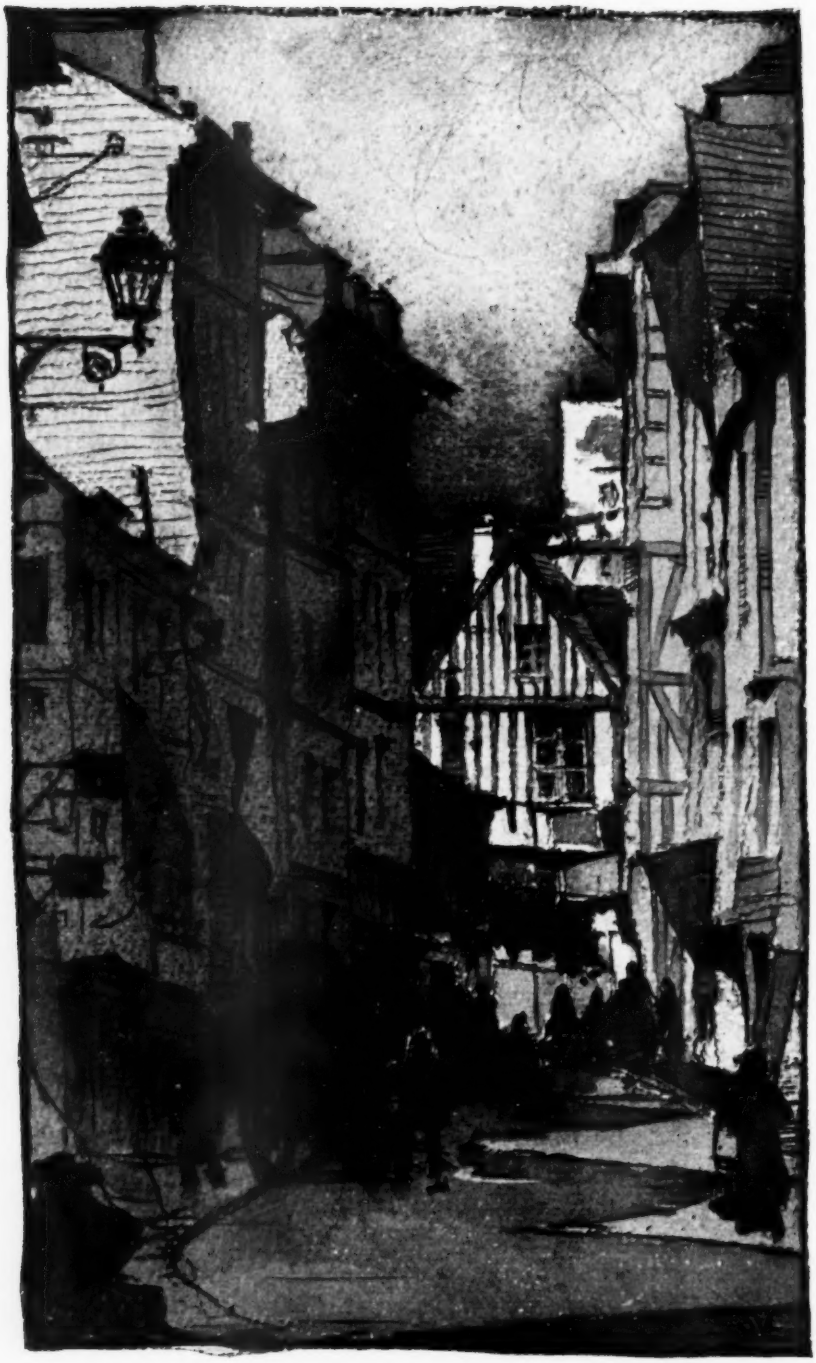
Elected to the Institute in 1884; to Fellowship in 1889. Died at Chicago, Illinois, 19 July, 1923

William Holabird was born in New York State, 11 September, 1854. He graduated from the high school in St. Paul, Minnesota. He entered West Point in 1873. Coming to Chicago in 1875, he entered the office of W. L. B. Jenney, and after a number of years he organized the firm of Holabird & Roche. He was a member of the University, Chicago, Union League, Mid-Day, City and Glenview Golf Clubs. He was also a member of the Loyal Legion and a Knight Templar in the Evanston Commandery.

Among the eminent structures to the credit of his firm are the University Club, Cook County Building, and City Hall, McCormick Building, and other office buildings, Hotel LaSalle, Sherman House and other hotels, all of Chicago; Grant Park and University of Illinois Stadia.

Mr. Holabird is survived by his widow, Mrs. Maria Augur Holabird; his son, Colonel John A. Holabird; his daughters, Mrs. William Cruikshank and Mrs. John D. Towne.

Structural Service Department appears on the second right hand page following



ROUEN—JUNE, 1923
Samuel V. Chamberlain